DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

FRIENDS OF
DUKE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

GIFT OF

Simeon K. Heninger

First Edition

A. Higson

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/joanofarcepicpoe00sout

Rudolf T. Higson

1914

H. Vaughan Brooke

JOAN OF ARC,

AN

EPIC POEM,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ΕΙΣ ΟΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΜΥΝΕΣΘΑΙ ΠΕΡΙ ΠΑΤΡΗΣ.

ΟΜΗΡΟΣ.

BRISTOL:
PRINTED BY BULGIN AND ROSSER,
FOR JOSEPH COTTLE, BRISTOL, AND CADELL AND DAVIES, AND G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, LONDON.
M.DCC.XCVI.

PREFACE.

EARLY in July 1793, the character of JOAN of ARC was the subject of conversation between myself and an intimate friend: the adventures of this extraordinary woman appeared to me well adapted for an Epic Poem; in the course of a few days I formed the rude outlines of a plan, and wrote the first three hundred lines; the remainder of the month was employed in travelling, and I made no progress even in idea. The subject was resumed on the 13th of August, and the original poem in TWELVE books, finished in six weeks, from that time.

My performance pleased myself, and those who had witnessed it's progress and completion. A few months afterwards it was shewn to a friend, whose taste and judgment I knew to be accurate.—"I am glad you have written this," said he, "it will serve you as a large collection, where you will find good passages for "better poems." Our opinions differed, and I of course preferred my own. From this time the piece lay untouched in my desk, till the Autumn of 1794, when my intention of printing it was publicly announced.

Still the task of correction was unperformed. Many employments intervened; and a very few verbal alterations were all I had made when the paper and types arrived from London, and the Printer was ready to begin. The first proof was

brought

brought me. I saw its faults, and immediately formed my resolution. The first 340 lines remain nearly as they were: from thence the plan of the whole has been changed, and I believe there are not 1000 lines remaining as they were originally written. The rest was composed whilst the printing went on.

The 450 lines at the beginning of the second book, were written by S. T. Coleridge. But from this part must be excepted the lines 141, 142, 143; and the whole intermediate passage from 148 to 222. The lines from 266 to 272, are likewise mine, and the lines from 286 to 291.

The general fault of Epic Poems is, that we feel little interest for the Heroes they celebrate. The national vanity of a Greek or a Roman might have been gratified by the renown of Achilles, or Æneas, but to engage the unprejudiced, there must be more of human feelings than is generally to be found in the character of Warriors: from this objection the Odyssey alone may be excepted. Ulysses appears as the father and the husband, and the affections are enlisted on his side. The judgment must applaud the well-digested plan, and splendid execution of the Iliad, but the heart always bears testimony to the merit of the Odyssey: it is the poem of nature, and its personages inspire love rather than command admiration. The good herdsman Eumæus is worth a thousand heroes! Homer is indeed the best of Poets, for he is dignified yet simple; but Pope has disguised him in fop-finery, and Cowper has stripped him naked.

There are few readers who do not prefer Turnus to Æneas; an emigrant, suspected of treason, who negligently left his wife, seduced Dido, deserted her, and then took Lavinia forcibly from her betrothed husband! What avails a man's piety to the Gods, if in all his dealings with men he prove himself a villain? If we represent Deity as commanding a bad action, we make a Moloch God, and furnish arguments for the Atheist. The ill-chosen subjects of Lucan and Statius have prevented them from acquiring the popularity they would otherwise have merited, yet in detached parts, the former of these is perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled. The French Court honored the Poet of Liberty, by excluding him from the edition in Usum Delphini; perhaps

haps, for the same reason, he may hereafter be published in Usum Reipublicæ. I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; his images are strongly conceived, and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself.

The power of Story is strikingly exemplified in the Italian Poets: they please universally, even in Translations. In the proportioning of his character, Tasso has generally failed. Godfrey is the hero of the poem, Rinaldo of the poet, and Tancred of the reader. Secondary characters should not be introduced like Gyas and Cloanthus; merely to fill a procession; neither should they be so prominent as to throw the principal into shade.

The lawless magic of Ariosto, and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render all rules of epic poetry inapplicable to these authors: so likewise with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight.

Against the machinery of Camoens, a heavier charge must be brought than that of profaneness or incongruity. His floating island is but a floating brothel, and no beauty can make atonement for licentiousness. The Lusiad, though excellent in parts, is uninteresting as a whole: it is read without interest, and remembered without pleasure.

The two poems of Glover have indeed the body of poetry, but there is no animating spirit: yet the Scholar must be pleased with their classical propriety, and the young heart will feel itself warmed by the struggle and success of free men.

It has been established as a necessary rule for the Epic, that the subject be national. To this rule I have acted in direct opposition, and chosen for the subject of my poem the defeat of my country. If among my readers there be one who can wish success to injustice, because his countrymen supported it, I desire not that man's approbation.

"The

The History of JOAN of ARC is one of those problems that render investigation fruitless. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny: that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and who can believe that she herself was imposed on by Charles and Dunois? That she discovered the King when he disguised himself among the Courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catharine, are facts in which all Historians agree: if this were done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an impostor, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary to enable a young Maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight among the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed invincible. One who felt herself the tool of a party, could not have performed this. The artifices of the Court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The Maid then was not knowingly an impostor; nor could she have been the puppet of the Court: and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the King, or prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her Mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion.

Fuller, of quaint memory, classes her among witches. He calls her a handsome, witty, and bold Maid, about twenty years of age. "People found out "a nest of miracles in her education, that so lion-like a spirit should be bred "among sheep like David. Ever after she went in man's cloaths, being armed "cap-a-pee, and mounted on a brave steed: and, which was a wonder, when she "was on horseback, none was more bold and daring; when alighted, none more "tame and meek; so that one could scarce see her for herself, she was so "changed and altered, as if her spirits dismounted with her body."

"Two

"Two customes had this Virago (call her now John or Joan), *which can no "way be defended*: one was her constant going in man's clothes, *flatly against "Scripture;* beside she shaved her hair in the fashion of a Frier, *against God's "express word*: it being also a solecism in nature, all women being born votaries "and the veil of their long hair minds them of their obedience they naturally "owe to man: yea, without this comely ornament of hair, their most glorious "beauty appears as deformed, as the sun would be prodigious without beams."

I have placed the death of Salisbury later, and of the Talbots earlier than these events occurred, and I believe these to be the only liberties taken with facts. The fall of the bridge at Orleans, a circumstance that the reader might deem invention, is historically true. The ninth book is the Original Sin of the poem. That it is a defect, I am myself sensible; but it is not uncommon at the age of twenty-one for the imagination to out-run the judgment. For the sake of variety, I thought it essential to introduce rough lines occasionally, and this I mention, lest some might suspect me of carelessness. Such as it is, the poem is before the world. I shall not witness its reception, and it will be long before the tidings will reach me in a distant part of Europe. Liberal criticism I shall attend to, and I hope profit by, in the execution of my MADOC, an Epic Poem on the discovery of America by that Prince, on which I am at present engaged. From line 121 to 131 in the tenth Book, of my writing, has been seen already by the public in another work; but as it is at present out of print and improbable that another edition will appear: on account of the appropriate sentiments they contained, I did not scruple to place them in their present situation.

M. LAVERDY is now occupied in collecting whatever has been written concerning the Maid of Orleans. The result of his enquiries I anxiously expect. Of the various productions to the memory of JOAN of ARC, I have collected only a few titles, and if report may be trusted, need not fear a heavier condemnation than to be deemed equally bad. A regular Canon of St. Euverte has written *un tres mauvaise poeme*, intitled, The Modern Amazon. There is a prose tragedy called La Pucelle D'Orleans, variously attributed to Benserade, to Boyer, and to Menardiere. The Abbe Daubignee published a prose tragedy with

with the same title in 1642. In the Vatican, among the manuscripts of the Queen of Sweden, is a dramatic piece in verse, entitled, Le Mystere du Siege d'Orleans. Of my unfortunate predecessor Chapelain, I have been able to learn nothing but from Boileau. The Pucelle of Voltaire I have not read.

The following account of the imprisonment and execution of the Maid, I translate from Millin's National Antiquities of France. "JOAN was oppressed "with outrages of all kinds: at every question they called her Joan the Here- "tic—the Sorceress—the Lascivious. Questions the most ridiculous were "put to her; her confession was drawn from her, yet could they not find her "culpable. The University of Paris assembled, and pronounced her a Here- "tic and Schismatic. The account of the process was read to Joan, and she com- "plained fruitlessly, that her answers were falsified. They threatened her with "the stake if she did not abjure: they read to her a passage which contained a "promise to quit the habit of a man, and never again to bear arms. This writing "she thought she signed, but they substituted another, in which she confessed "herself an Harlot, an Idolatress, a Sorceress, Seditious, &c. &c.—She was "sentenced to perpetual imprisonment."

"But this was not what had been promised to the English, and to satisfy them, "it was necessary to destroy the unhappy JOAN. She had promised never more "to wear the habit of a man; during the night they removed her own clothes, "and placed in their stead those of a man: in vain did she demand her own— "they were refused—vainly did she say that death was threatened her; her pray- "ers were unregarded. She remained in bed till necessity obliged her to cover "herself with the apparel of a man. Then was she seized, declared to have "relapsed—excommunicated—crowned with paper upon which was written— "An Heretic! an Apostate! an Idolatress!" and then reserved for punishment, "guarded by an hundred and twenty armed soldiers."

At last she was condemned to the flames. Over the stake was placed a large writing, bearing these words:—"JOAN, CALLING HERSELF THE MAID, IS "A LIAR, A DIVINER, A BLASPHEMER OF GOD, A DISBELIEVER OF THE "FAITH,

"FAITH, AN IDOLATRESS, CRUEL, LEWD, AN INVOCATOR OF THE DEVIL, "AN APOSTATE, A SCHISMATIC, AND AN HERETIC."

On the right and left of the stake were two scaffolds; upon the one were seen Pierre Cauchon and his clergy, on the other the Bailli of Rouen and the Assesseurs.

The Theologian Nicolas Midi pronounced an hypocritical discourse, concluding with these words:—"JOAN, go in peace, the Church abandons you to the "secular justice." The Bailli of Rouen had not power to pronounce sentence, all he could utter was, "menez la—let it be."

The preparation for death shook the firmness of JOAN:—she wept, and her tears softened the executioner, but not the Theologians. She was consumed before a numerous people, who, always late in their regrets, detested the atrocity on which they had assembled to glut their eyes.

The Assesseurs of Rouen abhorred their crime; and said themselves that they were dishonoured and undone. The executioner ran to throw himself at the feet of his confessor, but the Priests sung hymns for their detestable triumph.

Thus perished this admirable heroine, "to whom" (says Hume) "the more "generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars."

On the eighth of May, the epoch of it's deliverance, an annual *fête* is held as Orleans: and monuments have been erected to her memory. Her family was ennobled by Charles, but it should not be forgotten in the history of this monarch, that in the hour of misfortune he abandoned to her fate, the woman who had saved his kingdom.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Dunois (the Bastard of Orleans) carried away by his wounded Steed, faints with loss of blood. JOAN discovers and heals him. They proceed to the King. Narrative of the Maid. She relates the capture of Harfleur, and the expulsion of the inhabitants by Henry the 5th. Her education with Bizardo. The annunciation of her mission and subsequent life.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE FIRST.

WAR's varied horrors, and the train of ills
That follow on Ambition's blood-stain'd path
And fill the world with woe; of France preserv'd
By maiden hand, what time her chiefs subdued,
Or slept in death, or lingered life in chains,
I sing: nor wilt thou FREEDOM scorn the song.

Sunk was the sun: o'er all the expanse of air
The mists of evening deepening as they rose
Chill'd the still scene; when thro' the foreſt gloom,
Rapt on with lightning speed, in vain Dunois
Now check'd with weaker force the unheeded rein,

Now

Line 10.—DUNOIS was wounded in the battle of Herrings, which was the last victory of the English before the appearance of the Maid of Orleans.

Now rais'd the unheeded voice. Swift as the storm
Tremendous urges o'er the dangerous cape
His sweeping pinions, rush'd the steed; for deep
The heavy-hanging arrow's barbed point
Gor'd his red flank. Impatient of defeat
Shame and Revenge boil'd in the Bastard's breast.
Adown his batter'd arms the tide of life
Roll'd purpling; soon its grasp the nerveless hand
Relax'd, and faint and fainter wax his limbs.
Dim rolls the shadowy eye---he droops---he falls.
Chill drop the dews of night.
The new-born sun
Refulgent smiles around. From trance reviv'd
In dubious life Dunois unseals his eyes,
And views a Form with mildly-melting gaze
Hang o'er his wounds: loose to the morning breeze
Waved her brown hair, and on her rubied cheek
Hung Pity's cryſtal gem. Fearful awhile
Lest wandering Fancy's unsubstantial shapes
Had mock'd the vagrant sense, silent he gaz'd,

And gazing wonder'd ; o'er his aching soul
Soon Memory ruſh'd and woke with ruthleſs hand
Each sleeping care. " O France," he cried, " my country !"
When soft as breeze that curls the summer clouds
At cloſe of day, stole on his ear a voice
Seraphic.

" Son of Orleans ! grieve no more.
" His eye not ſlept, tho' long the All-Juſt endur'd
" The woes of France ; at length his bar'd right arm
" Volleys red thunder. From his veiling clouds
" Rushes the storm, Ruin, and Fear, and Death.
" Take Son of Orleans the relief of Heaven :
" Nor thou the wintry hour of adverse fate
" Deem uſeless : tho' unhous'd thou roam awhile,
" The keen and icy wind that shivers thee
" Shall brace thine arm, and with stern discipline
" Firm thy young heart for fearless enterprise.
" As who, through many a summer night serene
" Had hover'd round the fold with coward wiſh ;
" Horrid with brumal ice, the fiercer wolf

From

" From his bleak mountain and his den of snows
" Leaps terrible, and mocks the shepherd's spear."
So spake the delegated Maid. Meantime
From many a potent herb the juice she press'd
Medicinal, and touch'd with lenient hand
Each gaping wound, where life as loath to fly
Sat trembling: not the plants Medea cull'd
On Colchis' plain, nor thoſe ingredients dire
Erichtho mingled on Pharsalia's field,
Making the soul retenant its cold corse,
More potent; thro' his frame with force divine
The subtle spirit ran, and every limb
Fill'd with unwonted vigor; from the ground
On nimble feet he sprang, and knelt, and spake.
" O more

Line 53—Huc quicquid fetu genuit Natura sinistro
Miscetur. Non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,
Viscera non lyncis, non diræ nodus hyænæ
Defuit: infando saturatas carmine frondes,
Et quibus os dirum nascentibus inspuit, herbas
Addidit, et quicquid mundo dedit ipsa veneni.
Aspicit astantem projecti corporis umbram,
Exanimes artus, invisaque claustra timentem
Carceris antiqui.——LUCAN. LIB. VI.

" O more than mortal! thou whoſe powerful hand
" Avails to check the rapid step of Death,
" Snatching his prey even from the open'd grave.
" O Powerful! O Benignant! for myself
" Thus saved, I thank thee; for my country, more;
" Angel of Heaven! for surely thou wilt aid
" My country, and mine arm nerv'd with new life
" Shall on these proud invaders pour the war
" With tenfold fury."
" Son of Orleans, ceaſe;"
With loveliest smile she said, " nor thus misgive
" What Heaven alone can claim. To Heaven return
" The grateful prayer; to Heaven, whose bounteous will
" Me, most unworthy, delegates to wield
" His thunder. Hear Dunois the tale of Her,
" Offspring of frail Mortality, yet doom'd
" To save her country. Lead me to the king,
" And as we journey on, these lips shall tell
" The wonderous work of Fate."

She paus'd: meantime,
As down the steep descent with many a step
They urge their way, her eye with wistful gaze
Views the departing scene; so his last glance
High from the deck the wretched exile sends
To all that life holds dear; the glist'ning tear,
Soften'd her eye and all the Woman reign'd.
Soon the deluſion dies; in distance lost
Fades every spot belov'd; the hillock's top,
The oak wide-branching, and the rising smoke
Slow o'er the copse that floated on the breeze
Melt in the morning clouds. She dried the tear,
Then thus:

" Near Harfleur's wall, where rolls the Seine
" Full to the sea his congregated waves,
" Dwelt Albert once.---Seat of my earliest years!
" Still busy Fancy loves with fairy touch
" To paint its faded scenes: even now mine eye
" Darts thro' the past its retrospective glance,
" And calls to view each haunt of sportive youth,

" Each

" Each long-lost haunt I lov'd: the woodbin'd wall,
" The jasmine that around the straw-roof'd cot
" Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whose shade
" I wont to sit and mark the setting sun
" And hear the redbreast's lay. Nor far remote
" As o'er the subject landskip round I gaz'd,
" The tow'rs of Harfleur rose upon the view.
" A foreign master holds my father's home!
" I, far away, remember the past years,
" And weep.

" The invader came. High o'er the waves
" Rides the proud armament in dreadful pomp
" That wafted slaughter; to the pebbled shore
" The anxious natives throng, and gaze upon
" The approaching ruin. On the fav'ring gale,
" The banner'd lion floats. Then might be heard,
" (That dreadful emblem of deftruction seen,)
" The mother's anguish'd shriek, the old man's groan
" Of deep despondence. Desolate the cot;
" Silent the hamlet haunts of Innocence;

" For

" For the poor villagers remembering all
" Their grandsires told of war, fled wing'd with fear
" To Harfleur's shelter; thither me, yet young,
" (For scarce four summers o'er my head had beam'd
" Their radiance) bore my sire; the well barr'd gate,
" The massy wall, the turrets guarded strength,
" Too fondly wish'd, too fondly deem'd secure.

" Firm on the battlements the natives stand,
" Heedless of Death that rode the iron storm.
" Fire-brands and darts and stones and javelins
" (Vainly destructive) thinn'd the hostile host.
" The intrepid foe rush onward.
" Fourteen years
" Young as I was, have not effaced the scene
" From bleeding memory. The widow's cry
" The

Line 128—HARFLEUR was taken in 1415. The Maid of Orleans first appeared in 1429. This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinshed, who calls her a yong wench of an eighteene yeeres old," of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels though she were not at them, greet semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke."——HOLINSHED, 600.

" The shrieks of anguish and the yell of war
" And Death's deep groan, yet vibrate on my heart,
" Yet wake the strings of grief!
" Twere long to tell
" The vaſt variety of woe that fill'd
" Unhappy Harfleur. Long Estouteville strove,
" Long Gaucour's forceful arm repell'd the foe.
" In vain they strove, for weak were the wide walls
" And few the gallant garrison, worn out
" With days of ceaseless toil, and fearful nights
" Of unseen peril. O'er the wasted town
" The dreadful engines of destruction hurl'd
" Their ponderous ruin: then my father died!
" Spirit of Albert! bend from yon high Heaven
" Thy

* The Englishmen, notwithstanding all the damage that the French could worke against them, forraied the countrie, spoiled the villages, bringing manie a rich preie to the camp before Harflue. And dailie was the towne assaulted: for the duke of Glocester, to whome the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approching to the wals with his engins and ordinence, would not suffer them within to take anie rast.

HOLINSHED, 549.

Estouteville was Governor of Harfleur: the place was gallantly defended under him by Guitri Gaucour and others of the French nobility, but the garrison was weak, and the fortifications were in bad repair.

" Thy head ; look down---behold thine orphan child !
" She goes to fill her destiny ; like thee,
" Leaving domestic joys, in rugged arms.
" To clasp her limbs;---like thee to dare the war,
" To die---yet not inglorious !
" Wild with woe
" O'er my poor father's shatter'd corse I lay,
" And kist his rigid cheek, and tore my vest
" To bind his mangled limbs ; nor, now bereft
" Of him the only parent of my youth,
" Fear'd I the horrors that prevail'd around.
" Suddenly all was still : anon burst forth
" The shout of conquest : from their long lov'd homes
" Thrust forth, the unhappy natives wander o'er

The

Line 159— " Some writing of this yeelding up of Harfluc, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations were driven : insomuch as parents with their children, yong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts, (God wot) as put to their present shifts to seek them a new abode."
HOLINSHED, 550.

This act of despotic barbarity was perpetrated by Henry that he might people the town with Engliſh inhabitants. " This doth Anglorum prælia report, saieng (not without good ground I believe) as followeth :

Tum flentes tenera cum prole parentes
Virgineusque chorus veteres liquere penates :

" The wasted plain, in want and wretchedness.
" Feebly I followed; one who knew and lov'd
" My fallen father, ſav'd his helpless child.
" Long time he journeyed on in hopes to gain
" Beyond old Arden, in his sister's home
" A ſafe aſylum; and we now had reach'd
" The wood, with many a painful day's hard toil,
" When by the rankling wound that prey'd upon him
" Worn out, he fell.
" My agonizing ſhrieks
" Pierced thro' the forest, and a holy man
" Drew near: he bore him to his rock-roof'd cell,
" And many a precious balm, and virtuous herb
" The aged leech applied; his earthly cares
" Were fruitless, for worn nature sunk to rest.
" Yet of a Judge, all just, all merciful,
" A GOD of LOVE, inspir'd the hermit told,

And

Tum populus cunctus de portis Gallicus exit
Mœstus, inarmatus, vacuus, miser æger, inopsque:
Utque novas sedes quærat migrare coactus:
Oppidulo belli potiuntur jure Britanni!"

" And solaced his departing soul with strains
" Of sweetest piety, and bade it rise
" On Faith's strong wings to Heaven. Thus, once again
" Bereav'd of friends, the sport of adverse fate,
" On his turf'd grave I pour'd the orphan tear.

" Rude was Bizardo's cell; the beetling rock
" Frown'd o'er its ivied entrance; the hewn stone
" Form'd his rough seat, and on a bed of leaves
" The aged hermit took his nightly rest.
" A pure stream welling from the mossy rock
" Crept murmuring thro' the wood, and many a flow'r
" Drank on its side the genial sap of life.
" The rich soil wasted not in worthless weeds
" Its nurture; for Bizardo's patient hand
" Cultur'd each healing and salubrious herb;
" And every fruit that courts the summer sun
" Bloom'd for the holy hermit's blameless food.
" Oft would the sage exclaim " ah why ſhould Man
" Stern tyrant of the field, with blood pollute

" His

" His festive board! Nature has spread around
" The unguilty food of life abundantly.
" How frolic in the sun yon little fawn
" Strains his young limbs; now browzes the sweet grass,
" Now o'er the plain leaps lightly; that man's heart
" Were hard and alien from humanity
" Who could endure to gore his innocent side!
" Sport on poor forester! sport on secure,
" Fearless of one by hard misfortune school'd
" To feel for others."

" Here my infant years
" Roll'd on at length in peace; he taught my knees
" To bend in prayer to that all-gracious God
" Whose parent power had call'd me into life;
" And who, from every perilous chance preserv'd,
" Had to the friendless orphan given a friend.
" Of every herb that blooms amid the grove,
" Or on the high cliff drinks a purer air
" He bade me know the virtue; with the morn
" Up from the homely couch we rose to pour

" The soul expanding prayer: his eyes would beam
" Seraphic rapture, as with eloquent tongue
" He told the works of Heaven to thankless man.
" How from the womb of darkneſs nature rose
" Refulgent: at the Godhead's high command
" How matter teem'd with life: the Earth put forth
" Her various stores: the groves of Paradise
" Gave their mild echoes to the choral song
" Of new-born beings: and the last best work
" Form'd in God's image, reared the lordly face
" To Heaven. But when Bizardo told how man
" Fell from perfection, from angelic state,
" Plung'd deep in sin, and pluck'd the fruit of woe,
" And bow'd the knee to fiends, and mock'd at God,
" 'Till Christ expiring on the sacred cross
" Pour'd forth the atoning life; the tears ran down
" His aged cheeks with woe-mixt gratitude.

" Forgive the prolix tale! Oh I could dwell
" For ever thus; for weeks, and months, and years,

" Roll'd

" Roll'd undistinguish'd down the stream of Time,
" 'Till fourteen summers smiling o'er my head
" Saw my young mind rich with the precious lore
" Of virtue, and the leeches healing art
" By him---the good man---taught.
" One morn it chanc'd,
" As wandering thro' the wilds my steps stray'd on,
" And from the high grass bruſhed the morning dew,
" The track of blood alarm'd me; void of fear,
" For the innocent fear little; eagerly
" I traced the stain, thinking some mangled fawn
" Or lamb had from the savage wolf eſcap'd,
" And I might haply heal its bleeding wounds.
" It led me where outstretch'd on the red earth
" There lay a youth wounded, and faint; his hair
" Clotted with gore; fast from his side stream'd out
" The blood; on his pale cheek the cold dews stood,
" And from his hand the blood-stain'd sword had fall'n.
" Fearful to leave, yet impotent alone
" To bear him to our cell---my echoing voice
" Calls

" Calls on Bizardo's aid; he heard; our hands
" Enwove the osier car; the cave receives
" The senseless stranger.
" O'er his couch I bent
" With pious vigilance and fearful hope,
" Watching the wounded man till fugitive life
" Dubious return'd. His eyes gazed wistful round
" And e're again the heavy lids closed on them
" Beam'd languid gratitude. Long time elapsed
" E're thro' his frame the temperate current roll'd
" Of former strength: for deeply had he felt
" The ruffian's sword, and distant many a league
" *Domremi lay the stranger's native home.*

" Scarce eighteen years had nerv'd the stripling's arm;
" Yet *Theodore* had view'd each deathful scene:
" And oft the tear from his averted eye
" He dried; mindful of fertile fields laid waste,
" Diſpeopled hamlets, the lorn widow's groan,
" And the pale orphan's feeble cry for bread.

" But

" But when he told of thoſe fierce sons of guilt
" That o'er this earth which God had fram'd so fair
" Spread desolation, and its wood-crown'd hills
" Make echo to the merciless war dog's howl;
" And how himself from such foul savagery
" Had scarce escap'd with life, then his stretch'd arm
" Seem'd, as it wielded the resistless sword
" Of Vengeance: in his eager eye the soul
" Was eloquent; warm glow'd his manly cheek;
" And beat against his side the indignant heart.

" Meantime autumnal gales had swept the grove,
" And to the cold blast now the sullen oak
" Spread his unfoliag'd arms; the cloud-clad sky
" Frown'd o'er the drear and melancholy scene.
" At length the snows fell fast, and drifting deep
" Choak'd up the road; yet felt not Theodore
" One tedious hour of all the live-long day.
" Oh! he would sit and mark the driving storm,
" Whilst o'er the high-heap'd hearth, of a bad world

" And of the woes that Man creates for Man
" He told. Then gazing round our peaceful cell,
" Here (he would cry) let Theodore remain,
" Till at the last his wasted lamp of life
" Gently go out."
" Yet were not then the hours
" Devoid of sorrow; for our anxious eyes
" Beheld Bizardo waining to the tomb.
" In the full of years he sunk: his eyes grew dim,
" And on the bed of leaves his feeble frame
" Lay helpless. Patiently did he endure,
" In faith anticipating blessedness,
" Already more than Man in that dread hour
" When Man is meanest. His were the best joys
" The pious know, and his last prayer was praise.
" I saw him die: I saw the dews of Death
" Starting on his cold brow: I heard him then
" Pour out a blessing on me.---Son of Orleans!
" I would not wish to live to know that hour,
" When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
" And weep not.
" Aching

" Aching at the heart we delv'd
" The narrow house, and o'er the inearthed corse
" Heapt we the grass-green sod.
" The spring came on;
" I felt a pang that may not be express'd,
" Leaving that little cell where many a year
" Had past in peace. We journeyed on our way,
" Seeking the distant home of Theodore;
" And at the last saw o'er the budding copse
" The curling smoke rise slow: onward he speeds
" Elate of heart. The watch dog with hoarse bark
" Announc'd the coming guest; then, wild with joy
" Soon as Remembrance spake his long-lov'd Lord,
" Fawn'd on his feet and howl'd with ecstasy.
" 'Twas happiness indeed, one face of bliss
" Shines thro' the house: the eager plough-man quits
" The labouring team, for Theodore is come.
" Fast down his mother's cheek roll'd the warm tear
" Of transport, to her breast she claspt her child,
" Long wept as one no more; nor me forgot,

" But

" But welcomed me even with a mother's smile.
" Here past my unruffled days. Sometimes at morn
" With pleasing toil to drive the woolly flock
" To verdant mead or stream, sometimes to eaſe
" The lowing cattle of their milky load,
" My grateful task; as with a parent's love
" Would *Eleanor* partake each peaceful hour.
" Hours of delight, ye are for ever gone!
" I ſhall no more with chearful toil prepare
" The rural cates for high solemnity
" At holy hour; no more amid the dance
" Move in brisk measures with the blameless train.
" The cot's calm quiet and the village sports
" These leave I willingly, these do I change
" For the camp's din, the clangor of the war,
" The pomp of slaughter: such the high command
" Of Duty; that command I shall obey.

" Dunois! I dwelt in happiness, my soul
" Slumber'd; and never feeling wretchedness

" I never

" I never dreamt of what the wretched feel.
" The night was comfortless ; the loud blasts howl'd,
" And as we sat around the social hearth
" We heard the rain beat hard : driven by the storm
" A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light.
" We heapt the fire : the friendly board was spread :
" The bowl of hospitality went round.
" The storm beats hard," the stranger cried " safe hous'd
" Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.
" I too were well content to dwell in peace,
" Resting my head upon the lap of Love,
" But that my country calls. When the winds roar,
" Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,
" And think of Conrade."

" Theodore replied,
" Success go with thee. Something I have seen
" Of war, and of its dreadful ravages.
" My soul was sick at such ferocity ;
" And I am well content to dwell in peace
" Albeit inglorious, thanking that good God

" Who made me to be happy."

" Did that God"

" Cried Conrade, " form thy heart for happiness
" When Desolation royally careers
" Over thy wretched country? did that God
" Form thee for peace when Slaughter is abroad,
" When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and Murder,
" Stalk thro' her flaming towns? live thou in peace
" Young man! my heart is fleshly: I do feel
" For what my brethren suffer."

" As he spake,
" Such mingled passions characted his face
" Of fierce and terrible benevolence,
" That I did tremble as I listened to him.
" Then in mine heart tumultuous thoughts arose
" Of high atchievements, indistinct, and wild,
" And vast, yet such they were that I did pant
" As tho' by some divinity possess'd.

" But is there not some duty due to those

" We

" We love?" said Theodore; and as he spake
" His warm cheek crimson'd. " Is it not most right
" To cheer the evening of declining age,
" With filial tenderness repaying thus,
" Parental love ?"
" Hard is it," Conrade cried
" Aye, very hard, to part from those we love;
" And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
" My Agnes! I have left an aged mother;
" I have left one, on whom my fond heart doats
" With love unutterable. Should I live
" 'Till France shall see the blessed hour of Peace,
" I shall return. My heart will be content,
" My highest duties will be well discharg'd
" And I may dare be happy. There are those
" Who deem these thoughts wild fancies of a mind
" Strict beyond measure, and were well content
" If I should soften down my rigid nature
" Even to inglorious ease, to honor me.
" But pure of heart and high of self-esteem

" I must

" I must be honored by myself. All else,
" The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind
" Worthless."
" So saying from his belt he took
" The encumb'ring sword. I held it, list'ning to him,
" And wistless what I did, half from the sheath
" Drew the well-temper'd blade. I gaz'd upon it
" And shuddering, as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,
" It is most horrible with the keen sword
" To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
" I could not strike a lamb.
" He answer'd me
" Maiden thou hast said well. I could not strike
" A lamb. But when the invader's savage fury
" Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's shriek
" As he does writhe upon his cursed lance,
" And

Line 421 Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the manners of the highest classes were marked by hideous grossness and vices that may not be uttered. The following portrait of some of these outrages we give from the notes of Andrew's admirable history of Great Britain. " Agricola quilibet, sponsam juvenem acquisitus, ac in vicinia alicujus viri nobilis & præpotentis habitans, crudelissime vexabatur. Nempe nonnunquam

" And forces to his foul embrace, the wife
" Even on her murder'd husband's gasping corse!
" Almighty God! I ſhould not be a man
" If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
" Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.
" Think well of this young Man" he cried and seiz'd
" The hand of Theodore; " think well of this
" As you are human, as you hope to live
" In peace, amid the dearest joys of home;
" Think well of this: you have a tender mother,
" As you do wish that she may die in peace,
" As you would even to madness agonize
" To hear this maiden call on you in vain
" For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
" In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms.

" Think

nonnunquam in ejus domum irruens iste optimas, magnâ comitante caterva, pretium ingens redemptionis exigeret, ac si non protinus solveret colonus, istum miserum in magna arca protrudens, venustæ ac teneræ uxori suæ (super ipsam arcam prostratæ) vim vir nobilis adferret; voce exclamans horrenda." Audine Rustice! jamjam, super hanc arcam constupratur dilecta tua sponsa, atque peracto hoc scelere nefando relinqueretur (horresco referens) suffocatione expirans maritus, nisi magno pretio sponsa nuper vitiata liberationem ejus redimeret."

J. DE PARIS.

Let

" Think that there are such horrors; that even now!
" Some city flames, and haply as in Rouen
" Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast
" Yet hangs for food. Oh God! I would not lose
" These horrible feelings tho' they tear mine heart."

" When we had all betaken us to rest,
" Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv'd
" The high-soul'd Warrior's speech. Then rose the thought
" Of all the miseries that my early youth
" Had seen in that beleager'd city, where

Death

Let us add to this the detestable history of a great commander under Charles VII of France, the bastard of Bourbon, who (after having committed the most execrable crimes during a series of years with impunity) was drowned in 1441 by the constable Richemont (a treacherous assassin, but a mirror of justice when compared to his noble contemporaries) on its being proved againſt him " Quod super ipsum maritum vi prostratum uxori, frustra repugnanti vim adtuleret."

" Ensuite il avoit fait battre et decouper le mari, tant que c'etoit pitie a voir.

MEM. DE RICHEMONT.

Line 438 Holinshed says speaking of the siege of Rouen " If I should rehearse how deerelie dogs rats mise and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people dailie died for fault of food, *and yoong infants laie sucking in the streets on their mothers' breasts, being dead starved for hunger*—the reader might lament their extreme miseries. p. 566.

Line 445 Harfleur

" Death never rested, and the morning sun
" Made steam the fearful havoc of the night;
" 'Till at the break of day I slept; nor then
" Repos'd my heated brain; for to my view
" Arose strange forms, sent as I do believe
" From the Most High. I saw a town hemm'd in
" Like Harfleur, round with enemies begirt,
" Where Famine on a heap of carcasses
" Half envious of the unutterable feast
" Mark'd the gorg'd raven clog his beak with gore.
" I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp,
" And there was revelry: the loud lewd laugh
" Burst on mine ears, and I beheld the chiefs
" Even at their feast plan the device of Death.
" My soul grew sick within me: then methought
" From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempests,
" A giant arm burst forth, and dropt a sword
" That pierc'd like lightning thro' the midnight air.
" Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear
" Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy

" When

" When the pale foe shall wither in my rage.

" From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul
" Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
" I sat in silence, musing on the days
" To come. Anon my raptur'd eye would glance
" A wild prophetic meaning. I have heard
" Strange voices in the evening wind. Strange forms
" Dimly discovered throng'd the twilight air.
" They wondered at me who had known me once
" A chearful careless damsel. I have seen
" Theodore gaze upon me wistfully
" 'Till he did weep. I would have told him all
" The mighty future labouring in my breast,
" But that methought the hour was not yet come.

" At length I heard of Orleans, by the foe
" Wall'd in from human succour; to the event
" All look'd with fear, for there the fate of France
" Hung in the balance. Now my troubl'd soul

" Grew

" Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
" I lov'd to wander where the forest shade
" Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds to brood
" Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
" Throb fast. Anon I paus'd, and in a state
" Of half expectance listen'd to the wind.

" Last evening lone in thought I wandered forth.
" Down in the dingles depth there is a brook
" That makes its way between the craggy stones
" Murmuring hoarse murmurs. On an aged oak
" Whose root uptorn by tempests overhangs
" The stream, I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds
" Gather before the wind, whilst the rude dash
" Of waters rock'd my senses, and the mists
" Rose round: there as I gazed, a form dim-seen
" Descended, like the dark and moving clouds
" That in the moon-beam change their shadowy shapes.
" His voice was on the breeze; he bade me hail
" The missioned Maid! for lo! the hour was come.

" Then was the future present to my view,
" And strange events yet in the womb of Time
" To me made manifest. I sat entranc'd
" In the beatitude of heavenly vision.
" At length a wounded courser dropping blood
" Rush'd by me. I arose and sought the spot
" Where thou hadst fallen; there the Most High vouchsaf'd
" That aid miraculous which thou hast known.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Preternatural agency. JOAN and Dunois rest at a cottage. Their host speaks of the battle of Azincour and the massacre of the prisoners after that defeat. The siege of Rouen related and the miseries of the besieged. The useless inhabitants sent out of the town. Behaviour of Henry to them. Capture of Rouen and execution of Allain Blanchard its gallant defender.

JOAN of ARC,

BOOK THE SECOND.

NO more of Usurpation's doom'd defeat,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have pour'd
To the Great Father, Only Rightful King,
Eternal Father! King Omnipotent!
Beneath whose shadowy banners wide unfurl'd
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling Hosts.
Such Symphony requires best Instrument.
Seize then my Soul! from Freedom's trophied Dome
The Harp which hanging high between the shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas, oft gives
A fitful music to the breezy touch
Of patriot Spirits that demand their fame.
For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use

Of

Of all the Powers which God for use had given ?
But chiefly this, with holiest habitude
Of constant Faith, him First, him Last to view
Thro' meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as thro' clouds that veil his blaze.
For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds ; and we in this low world
Placed with our backs to bright Reality,
That we may learn with young unwounded ken
Things from their shadows. Know thyself my Soul !
Confirm'd thy strength, thy pinions fledged for flight
Bursting this shell and leaving next thy nest
Soon upward soaring shalt thou fix intense
Thine eaglet eye on Heaven's eternal Sun !
But some there are who deem themselves most free,
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent
Proud in their meanness : and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,

Their

Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working Tools, uncaus'd Effects, and all
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanting Creation of its God.

But

Line 34 Sir Isaac Newton at the end of the last edition of his Optics, supposes that a very subtile and elastic fluid, which he calls æther, is diffused thro' the pores of gross bodies, as well as thro' the open spaces that are void of gross matter; he supposes it to pierce all bodies, and to touch their least particles, acting on them with a force proportional to their number or to the matter of the body on which it acts. He supposes likewise, that it is rarer in the pores of bodies than in open spaces, and even rarer in small pores and dense bodies, than in large pores and rare bodies; and also that its density increases in receding from gross matter; so for instance as to be greater at the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch from the surface of any body, than at its surface; and so on. To the action of this æther he ascribes the attractions of gravitation and cohæsion, the attraction and repulsion of electrical bodies, the mutual influences of bodies and light upon each other, the effects aud communication of heat, and the performance of animal sensation and motion. David Hartley from whom this account of æther is chiefly borrowed, makes it the instrument of propagating those vibrations or configurative motions which are ideas. It appears to me, no hypothesis ever involved so many contradictions; for how can the same fluid be both dense and rare in the same body at one time? yet in the Earth as gravitating to the Moon, it must be very rare; and in the Earth as gravitating to the Sun, it must be very dense. For, as Andrew Baxter well observes, it doth not appear sufficient to account how this fluid may act with a force proportional to the body to which another is impelled, to assert that it is rarer in great bodies than in small ones: it must be farther asserted that this fluid is rarer or denser in the same body, whether small or great, according as the body to which that is impelled is itself small or great. But whatever may be the solidity of this objection, the following seems unanswerable:

If every particle thro' the whole solidity of a heavy body receive its impulse from the particles of this fluid, it should seem that the fluid itself must be as dense as the very densest heavy body, gold for instance; there being as many impinging particles in the one, as there are gravitating particles in the other which receive their gravitation by being impinged upon: so that, throwing gold or any heavy body upward, against the impulse of this fluid, would be like

But Properties are God: the naked mass
Acts only by its inactivity.
Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think
That as one body is the aggregate
Of atoms numberless, each organiz'd;
So by a strange and dim similitude,
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds

throwing gold *thro'* gold; and as this æther must be equally diffused over the whole sphere of its activity, it must be as dense when it impels cork as when it impels gold: so that to throw a piece of cork upward, would be as if we endeavoured to make cork penetrate a medium as dense as gold: and tho' we were to adopt the extravagant opinions which have been advanced concerning the progession of pores, yet however porous we suppose a body, if it be not all pore, the argument holds equally; the fluid must be as dense as the body in order to give every particle its impulse.

It has been asserted that Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy leads in its consequences to Atheism: perhaps not without reason. For if matter by any powers or properties *given* to it, can produce the order of the visible world, and even generate thought; why may it not have possessed such properties by *inherent* right? and where is the necessity of a God? matter is, according to the mechanic philosophy capable of acting most wisely and most beneficently without Wisdom or Benevolence; and what more does the Atheist assert? if matter possess those properties, why might it not have possessed them from all eternity? Sir Isaac Newton's Deity seems to be alternately operose and indolent; to have delegated so much power as to make it inconceivable what he can have reserved. He is dethroned by Vice-regent second causes.

We seem placed here to acquire a knowledge of *effects*. Whenever we would pierce into the *Adyta* of Causation, we bewilder ourselves; and all, that laborious Conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of imagination. We are restless, because *invisible* things are not the objects of vision—and philosophical systems, for the most part, are received not for their Truth, but in proportion as they attribute to Causes a susceptibility of being *seen*, whenever our visual organs shall have become sufficiently powerful.

Form

Form one all-conscious Spirit, who directs
With absolute ubiquity of thought
All his component monads, that yet seem
With various province and apt agency
Each to pursue its own self-centering end.
Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine;
Some roll the genial juices thro' the oak;
Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air;
And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed
Yoke the red lightning to their vollying car.
Thus these pursue their never-varying course,
No eddy in their stream. Others more wild,
With complex interests weaving human fates,
Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious, o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye unconfirm'd for day
Flash meteor lights better than total gloom.
As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head

The Laplander beholds the far-off sun
Dart his flant beam on unobeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary Night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam
Guiding his course, or by Niemi's lake
Or Balda-Zhiok, or the mossy stone
Of Solfar-Kapper, while the snowy blast
Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge
Making the poor babe at its mother's back
Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
Wins

Line 71 Balda-Zhiok. i. e. mons altudinis, the highest mountain in Lapland.

Line 72 Solfar-Kapper: capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium, quotquot veterum Lapponum superstitio sacrificiis religiosoque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte sinus australis situs, semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiositatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus præaltis lapidibus, sibi invicem oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.

LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

Line 75 The Lapland women carry their infants at their backs in a piece of excavated wood which serves them for a cradle; opposite to the infant's mouth there is a hole for it to breathe thro'.

Mirandum prorsus est & vix credibile nisi cui vidisse contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et invia tesqua, eo præsertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus obtecta sunt et nives ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire posse, lactantem autem infantem, si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in

Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
He marks the streamy banners of the North,
Thinking, himself those happy spirits shall join
Who there in floating robes of rosy light
Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind
Giving it new delights; and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of Beings invisible
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching self controul
'Till Superstition with unconscious hand
Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
Nor yet without permitted power impress'd,
I deem those legends terrible, with which
The polar Ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant Bird

in excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur, in hoc infans pannis et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.

LEEMIUS DE LAPPONIBUS.

VUOKHO,

VUOKHO, of whose rushing wings the noise
Is Tempest, when the unutterable Shape
Speeds from the Mother of Death his destin'd way
To snatch the murderer from his secret cell!
Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
Pierces the untravell'd realms of ocean's bed
(Where live the innocent, as far from cares
As from the storms and overwhelming waves
Dark-tumbling on the surface of the deep)
Over the abysm even to that uttermost cave
By mishap'd Prodigies beleager'd, such
As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sea.
There dwells the fury Form, whose unheard name
With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath
Unsleeping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear

Line 96 Jaibme Aibmo.

Line 112 They call the Good Spirit, Torngarsuck the other great but malignant spiritis a nameless female; she dwells under the sea in a great house where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a dearth befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither: he passes thro' the kingdom of souls, over an horrible abyss into the palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to asceed directly to the surface of the ocean.

See CRANTZ. Hist. of GREENLAND, VOL. I, 206.

Lest

Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast
The fatal Sound let slip the Elements
And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
Arm'd with Torngarsuck's power, the Spirit of good,
Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
Of the Ocean stream. Wild phantasies! yet wise,
On the victorious goodness of high God
Teaching Reliance and medicinal Hope,
'Till, from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth
With gradual steps winning her difficult way
Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear some realm with patient discipline,
Aye bidding PAIN, dark ERROR's uncouth child,
Blameless Parenticide! his snakey scourge
Lift fierce against his Mother! Thus they make
Of transient Evil ever-during Good

Themselves

Themselves probationary, and denied
Confess'd to view by preternatural deed
To o'erwhelm the will, save on some fated day
Headstrong, or with petition'd might from God.

And such perhaps the guardian Power whose ken
Still dwelt on France. He from the Invisible World
Burst on the MAIDEN'S eye, impregning Air
With Voices and strange Shapes, illusions apt,
Shadowy of Truth. And first a landscape rose
More wild and waste and desolate, than where
The white bear drifting on a field of ice
Howls to her sunder'd cubs with piteous rage
And savage agony. Mid the drear scene
A craggy mass uprear'd its misty brow,
Untouch'd by breath of Spring, unwont to know
Red Summer's influence, or the chearful face
Of Autumn; yet its fragments many and huge
Astounded ocean with the dreadful dance
Of whirlpools numberless, absorbing oft

The blameless fisher at his perilous toil.
Upon the topmost height the MAIDEN saw
A meteor-lighted dome: to every blast
Shook the wide fabric, tottering as to fall,
For ever tottering; round the tempests yell'd
Tremendous, music hoarse! yet to the ear
Of him who there had rule, the Dynast stern,
Not undelightful. His perturbed flight
Anxious and gloomy, speeding hitherwards,
She saw the dark-wing'd Shape: with all it's towers
The palace nods: such was AMBITION'S voice!
Obedient first, fierce servant of fierce Lord,
Cowl'd SUPERSTITION comes, her loosen'd robes
Float on the breeze and half exposed to view
The rusted dagger. By her side crept on
Mitred HYPOCRISY, with meekest mien
And step demure, and cross, which to his heart
He prest, and seem'd with heaven-ward eye to pour
The pious prayer; yet never prayer he pour'd
Save when with secret glance he view'd the crowd

Admiring near. REVENGE unwilling quits
The mangled corse; and prodigal of death
Next SLAUGHTER strode; his falchion yet unsheath'd
Reeks from the wound, loose flow his long black locks,
The wide roll of his eye is terrible,
And each limb quivers. CRUELTY comes next,
With savage smile grasping a widowed dove.
And FURY next beating her own swoln breast
Rush'd at the call: and ENVY hideous form
Gnawing her flesh, and tearing from her head
The viper turn'd to bite: and HORROR wild
With creeping flesh. DESPAIR his sullen arms
Folded; aye muttering dark and half-form'd words
Of dreadful import. Aged AVARICE next
Hugg'd to his heart his bags, and cast around
(Unwilling tho' to lose the golden sight,)
The fearful look. And fitful JEALOUSY
Anxious for misery came: and feverish LUST
Hot from the convent. Palsied FEAR fled on,
And ever as he fled his ghastly eye

Reverts.

Reverts. Then stalk'd along the giant form
Of proud OPPRESSION, on his crowned brow
Sate Desolation, and his pityless frown
Dispeopled countries: him behind a train
Loathly and horrible, of nameless fiends
Outnumbering locusts. Last, as fill'd with fear
SUSPICION ever-watchful clos'd the train:
Pale meagre spectre, ribb'd with iron plates,
Sleepless, and fearful of the friendly meal,
Worn out with anxious vigilance of life.

These at the palace meet, there, porter fit,
REMORSE for ever his sad vigils kept,
His heart the viper's feast: worn down his face,
If face it were when scarce the shrivell'd skin
Wrap'd o'er the bone, proclaim'd the gnawing pang:
Inly he groan'd, or starting wildly, shriek'd,
Aye as the fabric tottering from its base
Threaten'd destruction, tho' oft announc'd withheld,
Tho' still withheld, expected.

These the Maid
Mark'd as they steer'd their dusky flight along;
And lo! she was amidst them.
Paved with bones
The floor breath'd pestilence: the emblazon'd walls
With ensigns and with blood-stain'd arms were hung,
The trophies of AMBITION.
On his throne
That Form portentous rear'd his giant bulk,
More huge than he, who with his hundred arms
Scatter'd confusion o'er the host of Gods
Briareus: or the monster brethren twain,
Whose stature swelling every hour gave hopes
Of equalling highest Heaven: nor larger he
Illusive, 'gainst whose head the thunderer Thor
Sped frustrate his full force. A sable helm
Shades his brown face, where glow'd thro' each dark tint
The fire of anger; in his hand he grasp'd
The

Line 215 Otus and Ephialtes.
Line 218 See the Edda. Fab. 24th of the illusions practised upon Thor by Skrymner.

The desolating spear: his broad black brow
In thought contracted spake his brooding soul,
Sullenly silent.

" Maid beloved of Heaven!"
(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)
" Of CHAOS the adventurous progeny
" Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire,
" Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
" When LOVE rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
" Over the abyſs flutter'd with such glad noise,
" As what time after long and pestful Calms
" With slimy shapes and miscreated life
" Pois'ning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
" Wakens the merchant sail, uprising. NIGHT
" An heavy unimaginable moan
" Sent forth, when she the PROTOPLAST beheld
" Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.
" Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
" That leads with downward windings to the Cave
" Of darkneſs palpable, deſart of Death,

Sunk

" Sunk deep beneath GEHENNA's maſſy roots.
" There many a dateleſs age the Beldame lurk'd
" And trembled: till engender'd by fierce HATE,
" Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAM arose
" Shap'd like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.
" It rous'd the Hell-hag: she the dew-damps wip'd
" From off her brow, and thro' the uncouth maze
" Retraced her steps; but ere she reach'd the mouth
" Of that drear labyrinth, ſhudd'ring she paus'd
" Nor dar'd re-enter the diminiſh'd Gulph.
" As thro' the dark vaults of some moulder'd tower
" (Which fearful to approach, the evening hind
" Circles at distance in his homeward way)
" The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plaining groan
" Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice
" NIGHT murmur'd, and the sound thro' Chaos went.
" Leapt at the call her hideous-fronted brood!
" A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on earth,
" Since that sad hour in camps and courts adored
" Rebels from God and Monarchs o'er Mankind!

" These

" These are the fiends that o'er thy native land
" Spread Guilt and Horror. Maid belov'd of Heaven!
" Dar'st thou inspir'd by the holy flame of Love
" Encounter such fell shapes, nor fear to meet
" Their wrath, their wiles? O Maiden, dar'st thou die?

" FATHER OF HEAVEN! I will not fear, " she said
" My arm is weak, but mighty is thy sword.

She spake and as she spake the trump was heard
That echoed ominous o'er the streets of Rome,
When the first Cæsar totter'd o'er the grave
By FREEDOM delv'd: the Trump, whose chilling blaſt
On Marathon and on Platæa's plain
Scatter'd the Persian. From his obscure haunt
Shriek'd FEAR, the ghastliest of AMBITION'S throng,
Fev'rish yet freezing, eager paced, yet slow;
As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds
AGUE, the biform Hag! when early Spring
Beams on the marsh-bred vapours. " Lo! she goes!

" To

" To Orleans lo! she goes---the Mission'd Maid!
" The Victor Hosts wither beneath her arm!
" And what are Crecy, Poictiers, Azincour
" But noisy echoes in the ear of Pride?"
AMBITION heard and startled on his throne;
But strait a smile of savage joy illum'd
His grisly features, like the sheety Burst
Of Lightning o'er the awaken'd midnight clouds
Wide-flash'd. For lo! a flaming pile reflects
Its red light fierce and gloomy on the face
Of SUPERSTITION and her goblin Son,
Loud-laughing CRUELTY, who to the stake
A female fix'd, of bold and beauteous mien,
Her snow-white Limbs by iron fetters bruis'd,
Her breast expos'd. *JOAN* saw, she saw and knew
Her perfect image. Nature thro' her frame
One pang shot shiv'ring; but, that frail pang soon
Dismiss'd, " Even so" (the exulting Maiden said)
" The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell,
" And thus they witness'd God! But now the Clouds

" Treading,

" Treading, and Storms beneath their feet, they soar
" Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
" Loud Songs of Triumph! O ye Spirits of God,
" Hover around my mortal agonies!"
She spake: and instantly faint melody
Melts on her ear, soothing, and sad, and slow,
Such measures as at calmy midnight heard
By aged Hermit in his holy dream
Foretell and solace death: and now they rise
Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
The white-rob'd multitude of slaughter'd Saints
At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant
Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The harmony
Entranc'd the maid, 'till each suspended sense
Brief slumber seiz'd and confus'd extacy.
At length awak'ning slow she gaz'd around;
But lo! no more was seen the ice-pil'd mount

Line 310. Revel. vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the Testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little Season, until their fellow-servants also, and their Brethren that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled.

And meteor-lighted dome. An Isle appear'd,
It's high, o'erhanging, rough, broad-breaſted cliffs
Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast plain
Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon
The Ploughman following sad his meagre team
Turn'd up freſh ſkulls unstartled, and the bones
Of fierce, hate-breathing Combatants, who there
All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the fields
Stepp'd a fair Form repairing all she might,
Her temples olive-wreath'd; and where she trod,
Fresh flowrets rose and many a foodful herb.
But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
And *anxious* pleasure beam'd in her faint eye,
As she had newly left a couch of pain,
Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule
With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
That bleſt prophetic Mandate then fulfill'd,
PEACE be on earth!) An happy while but brief
She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet,

And

And heal'd the recent harm of chill or blight,
And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.
But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd hollow:
Black rose the clouds, and now, (as in a dream)
Their red'ning shapes transform'd to warrior hotss,
Cours'd o'er the Sky, and battled in mid air.
The Sea meantime his Billows darkest roll'd,
And each stain'd wave dash'd on the shore a corse.
Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven
Portentous! while aloft were seen to float,
His hideous features blended with the mist,
The long black locks of SLAUGHTER. PEACE beheld,
And o'er the plain with oft-reverted eye
Fled, till a place of Tombs she reach'd, and there
Within a ruin'd sepulchre obscure
Found hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
Gaz'd thro' her tears, then in sad tones exclaim'd,
" Thou mild-ey'd Form! wherefore ah! wherefore fled?
" The name of JUSTICE written on thy brow

" Resplen-

" Resplendent shone; but all they, who unblam'd
" Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee HAPPINESS.
" Ah! why uninjur'd and unprofited
" Should multitudes against their brethren ruſh?
" Why sow they guilt, ſtill reaping misery!
" Lenient of care, thy songs, O PEACE! are sweet,
" As after showers the perfum'd gale of Eve,
" That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples;
" And gay thy grassy altar pil'd with fruits.
" But boasts the shrine of Dæmon WAR one charm?
" Save that with many an orgie strange and foul
" Dancing around with interwoven arms
" The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER
" Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,
" And know not why the simple Peasants croud
" Beneath the Chieftain's standard!" Thus the Maid.
To her the tutelary Spirit reply'd,
" When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores
" No more can rouse the appetites of KINGS;
" When the low Flattery of their reptile Lords

" Falls

" Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear;
" When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoon'ry make,
" And Dancers writhe their harlot limbs in vain:
" Then War and all its dread vicissitudes
" Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts,
" Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
" Insipid Royalty's keen Condiment.
" *Therefore,* uninjur'd and unprofited
" (Victims at once and executioners)
" The congregated Husbandmen lay waste
" The Vineyard and the Harvest: as along
" The Bothnic Coast or southward of the Line
" Though hush'd the Winds, and cloudless the high Noon,
" Yet if LEVIATHAN, weary of ease,
" In sports unwieldy toss his island bulk,
" Ocean behind him billows, and, before,
" A storm of Waves breaks foamy on the strand.
" And hence for times and seasons bloody and dark
" Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
" And War, his strained sinews knit anew,

" Still

" Still violate th' unfinished Works of Peace.
" But yonder look---for more demands thy view."

He said; and straightway from the opposite Isle
A Vapor rose, pierc'd by the MAIDEN's eye.
Guiding its course OPPRESSION sate within,
With terror pale and rage, yet laugh'd at times
Musing on Vengeance: trembled in his hand
A Sceptre fiercely-grasp'd. O'er ocean westward
The Vapor sail'd, as when a Cloud exhal'd
From Ægypt's fields, that steam hot Pestilence,
Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
'Till o'er some death-doom'd Land distant in vain
It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain
Facing the Isle, a brighter Cloud arose
And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.
ENVY sate guiding---ENVY, hag abhorr'd!
Like JUSTICE mask'd, and doom'd to aid the fight
Victorious 'gainst OPPRESSION. Hush'd awhile
The Maiden paus'd, musing what this might mean;

But

But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter Cloud
Return'd more bright: along the Plain it swept;
And soon from forth its bursting sides emerg'd
A dazzling Form, broad-bosom'd, bold of Eye,
And wild her hair save where by Laurels bound.
Not more majestic stood the healing God
When from his Bow the arrow sped, that slew
Huge Python. Shriek'd AMBITION's ghastly throng,
And with them those, the locust Fiends that crawl'd
And glitter'd in CORRUPTION's slimy track.
Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign.
And such Commotion made they and Uproar
As when the mad Tornado bellows thro'
The guilty Islands of the western main,
What time departing for their native shores,
Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of Palms,
The infuriate Spirits of the Murder'd make

Fierce

Line 428. The Slaves in the West-India Islands consider Death as a passport to their native Country.—This Sentiment is thus expressed in the Introduction to a Greek Prize Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the Ideas are better than the Language or Metre, in which they are conveyed:

Ω σκοτου

Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
Warm'd with new Influence the unwholsome Plain
Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn:
The Sun, that rose on FREEDOM, rose in blood!

" MAIDEN beloved, and Delegate of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Spirit said)
" Soon

Ω σκοτου πυλας, Θανατε, προλειπων
Ες γενος σπευδοις υποζευχθεν Ατᾳ.
Ου ξεισθηση γενυων σπαραγμοις
Ουδ' ολολυγμω,

Αλλα και κυκλοισι χοροιτυποισι
Κ'ασματων χαρᾳ· Φοβερος μεν εσσι,
Αλλ' ομως Ελευθερια συνοικεῖς,
Στυγνε Τυραννε!

Δασκιοις επει πτερυγεσσι σησι
Α! θαλασσιον καθορωντες οιδμα
Αιθεροπλαγτοις υπο ποσσ' ανεισι
Πατριδ' ἐπ' αιαν.

Ενθα μαν Εραςαι Ερωμενησιν
Αμφι πηγησιν κιτρινων υπ' αλσων,
Οσσ' υπο βροτοις επαθον βροτοι, τα
Δεινα λεγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of Darkness, O Death! hasten thou to a Race yoked to Misery! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of Cheeks, nor with funereal Ululation—but with circling Dances and the joy of Songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with LIBERTY, stern GENIUS! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean they return to their native Country. There by the side of fountains beneath Citron Groves the Lovers tell to their Beloved, what horrors being MEN they had endured from MEN! S. T. C.

" Soon ſhall the Morning struggle into Day,
" The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.
" Much hast thou seen, nor all can'st understand---
" But this be thy best Omen, SAVE THY COUNTRY!"
Thus saying, from the answering MAID he pass'd,
And with him disappear'd the goodly Vision.

" Glory to thee, FATHER of Earth and Heaven!
" All-conscious PRESENCE of the Universe!
" Nature's vast ever-acting ENERGY!
" In will, in deed, IMPULSE of All to all;
" Whether thy LAW with unrefracted Ray
" Beam on the PROPHET's purged Eye, or if
" Diseasing Realms the ENTHUSIAST wild of thought
" Scatter new frenzies on the infected Throng,
" THOU Both inspiring, and predooming Both,
" Fit INSTRUMENTS and best of perfect END.
" Glory to thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!"

Return, adven'trous Song! to where Dunois

With eager ear heard from the MAID her tale
Of early youth and Mission from on high.
And now beneath the Horizon west'ring slow
Had sunk the orb of Day: a milder Light
Soften'd the scene, fading thro' every hue
'Till twilight's deep'ning mists o'ershadow'd all.
The trav'llers wend, beguiling the long way
With converse, 'till the dewy Damps of Night
Rose round. Far off a glimm'ring taper's ray
Gleam'd thro' the embowered gloom: to that they turn.
An aged man came forth; his scant grey locks
Waved on the night breeze. Time had written deep
On his shrunk face the characters of age.
Them louting low with rustic courtesy
He welcom'd in, on the white-ember'd hearth
Then heapt fresh fuel, and with friendly care
Spread out the homely board: fatigued they eat
The country cakes and quaff the nut-brown bowl.

"Strangers, your fare is homely," said their Host,

"But

" But such as we poor men earn with hard toil:
" In faith ye are welcome to it. I do love
" A soldier, my old heart seems young again.
" Poor and decrepit as I am, my arm
" Once grasp'd the sword full firmly, and my limbs
" Were strong as thine, Sir Warrior! God be with thee
" And send thee better fortune than old BERTRAM!
" I would that I were young again to meet
" These haughty English in the field of fight.
" Such as I was when on the fatal plain
" Of Azincour I met them."
" Wert thou then
" A sharer in that dreadful day's defeat?"
Exclaim'd the Bastard, " didst thou know the chief
" Of Orleans?"
" Know him! the old veteran cried,
" I saw him ere the bloody fight began
" Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,
" The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.
" Full was his eye and fierce, yet beaming still

" On all his countrymen chearful and mild
" Winning all hearts. Looking at thee Sir Knight
" Methinks I see him now, such was his eye
" So mild in peace, such was his manly brow.
" Beshrew me but I weep at the remembrance."

" Full was his eye," exclaim'd the Baſtard Son
Of Orleans, " yet it beam'd benevolence.
" I never yet saw love so dignified!
" There lived not one his vaſsal but adored
" The good the gallant Chief. Amid his halls
" High blazed the hospitable hearth, the pilgrim
" Of other countries seeing his high towers
" Rejoiced, for he had often heard of Orleans:
" He lives, my brother! bound in the hard chain
" He lives most wretched."
The big tear roll'd down
The Warriors cheeks, " but he shall live, Dunois,"
Exclaim'd the Mission'd Maid, " but he ſhall live

" To

Line 502 The Maid declared upon her trial, that God loved the Duke of Orleans, and that

" To hear good tidings; hear of Liberty,
" Of his own liberty by his brother's arm
" Atchiev'd in hard fought battle. He ſhall live
" Happy. The memory of his priſon'd years
" Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs
" Go to the grave in peace."
" I would fain live
" To see that day," replied their aged hoſt,
" How would my heart leap once more to behold
" The gallant generous chieftain! I fought by him
" When all the hopes of victory were loſt,
" And down his batter'd arms the blood ſtream'd fast
" From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd us in
" Fierce in unhoped for conquest: all around
" Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd.
" Yet still he strove, I wondered at his valour!
" Was not a man that on that fatal day
" Fought

she had received more revelations concerning him, than any person living, except the King. RAPIN.

Orleans during his long captivity "had learnt to court the fair ladies of England in their native strains," among the Harleian M.S.S. is a collection of "love poems, roundels and songs," composed by the French Prince during his confinement,

" Fought bravelier."

" Fatal was that day to France,"

Exclaim'd the Bastard, " there Alencon died

" Valiant in vain; and he the haughty chief

" D'Albert, who rashly arrogant of strength

" Impetuous rush'd to ruin. Brabant fell,

" Vaudemont and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenberg,

" Her noblest warriors, daring in despair

" Fought the fierce foe---ranks fell on ranks before them;

" The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd

" Their victors!

" There are those," old Bertram cried,

" Who for his deeds will honor Henry's name.

" That honor that a conqueror may deserve

" He merits, for right valiantly he fought

" On that disastrous day; but when the field

" Was

Line 533 According to Holinshed the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harrassed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy's country, and for the most part sick of a flux. He states the number of the French at 60,000, of whom 10,000 were slain and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Goodwin says, that among the slain there were one Archbishop, three Dukes, six Earls, ninety Barons, fifteen hundred Knights, and seven thousand Esquires or Gentlemen.

" Was won, and those who had escaped the carnage
" Had yielded up their arms, it was most foul
" On his defenceless prisoners to glut
" The blunted sword of conquest. Girt around
" I to their mercy had surrendered me,
" When lo! I heard the dreadful groan of death---
" Not as amid the fray, when man met man
" And in fair combat gave the mortal blow;
" Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound
" Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,
" And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands
" And bade them think upon their plighted faith
" And pray'd for mercy in the name of God
" In vain: Their King had bade them massacre,
" And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts
" They drove the sword. Then I expected death
" And at that moment death was terrible;

" For

Line 540 A company of fugitives, headed by Robert de Bournonville, who had retired by times out of the battle, knowing the English camp was but weakly guarded, pillaged it during the engagement; in consequence of this alarm, Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain, except the most eminent.

" For the heat of flight was over; of my home
" I thought, and of my wife and little ones
" In bitterness of heart. The gallant man,
" Whose by the chance of war I had become,
" Had pity, and he loos'd my hands and said,
" Frenchman! I would have killed thee in the battle---
" But my arm shrinks at murder---get thee hence."
" It was the will of heaven that I should live
" Childless and old to think upon the past
" And wish that I had perish'd!"
The old man
Wept as he spake. " Ye may perhaps have heard
" Of the hard siege so long by Rouen endur'd.
" I dwelt there strangers, I had then a wife
" And I had children tenderly beloved,
" Who I did hope should cheer me in old age
" And close mine eyes. The tale of Misery
" May-hap were tedious, or I could relate
" Much of that dreadful siege."
The Maid replied
Anxious

Anxious of that devoted town to learn.
Thus then the veteran---

" From that field of shame
" To France so fatal, Azincour escap'd;
" I speeded homewards and abode in peace.
" Henry as wise as brave had back to England
" Led his victorious army; well aware
" That France was mighty, that her warrior sons,
" Impatient of a foreign victor's sway,
" Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes
" Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,
" For the proud Barons in their private broils
" Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home
" Peaceful though lowly, with my little store
" Content. I lov'd around the cheerful hearth
" To tell of all the perils I had known:

Line 577 Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages, than by means of his arms. The truth is, by pushing the French too vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him; in which case, his advantages, probably, would have been inconsiderable, but by granting them some respite, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another; therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negotiation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages. RAPIN.

" My children they would sit and listen eager,
" And bless the all-good Father who preserv'd me.

" Ah me---when war the masters of mankind,
" Woe to the poor man! If he sow the field,
" He shall not reap the harvest: if he see
" His blooming children rise around, his heart
" Aches at the thought that they are multiplied
" To the sword! Again from England the fierce foe
" Rush'd on our ravag'd coasts. In battle bold,
" Savage in conquest, their victorious King
" Swept like the desolating tempest round.
" Dambiere's submits---on Caen's subjected walls
" Proudly in conquest wav'd the English flag.
" Bulwark of Normandy, Rouen still remain'd;
" Nor unresisted round our massy walls
" Fix'd they their camp. I need not tell Sir Knight
" How oft and boldly on th' invading host
" We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth;
" For many were the warrior Sons of Rouen.

" O'er

Line 606 " Yet although the armie was strong without, there lacked not within both hardie

" O'er all that gallant Citizen was fam'd
" For virtuous hardihood præeminent
" Blanchard. He, gathering his compatriots round,
" With his own courage kindling every breast,
" Had bade them vow before Almighty God
" Never to yield them to the usurping foe
" While yet their arms could lift the spear; while yet
" Life was to think of every pledge that man
" Most values. To the God of Hosts we vow'd;
" And we had baffled the besieging power,
" But our cold-hearted Foeman drew around
" His strong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's top
" In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
" We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave
" That in the sun-beam glitter'd, fondly thought

" The

capteins and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than inough: for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion to erre from the same, there were in the citie at the time of the siege 210,000 persons. Dailie were issues made out of the citie at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen." HOLINSHED. 566.

Line 612 "The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and despising pleasure (the enemy to warlike prowesse) sware ech to other never to render or deliver the citie, while they might either hold sword in hand or speare in rest." HOLINSHED. 566.

" The white sail of supply. Ah me! no more
" Rose on our aching sight the food-fraught bark;
" For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe
" Had made a league with Famine. How my heart
" Sunk in me when at night I carried home
" The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal!
" You know not, strangers! what it is to see
" The asking eye of hunger!
" Still we strove
" Expecting aid, till sickening Expectation
" Felt never hope, and yet most keen the pang
" Of disappointment. Tho' with christian zeal
" Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace
" Into

Line 625 " The King of England advertised of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stopped all the passages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveied to the citie. He cast trenches round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his license.—The King's coosine germane and alie (the King of Portugale) sent a great navie of well-appointed ships unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to stop that no French vessel should enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.

Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of King, Dauphin, or Duke." HOLINSHED. 566.

Line 633 " After he had prosecuted the siege of this place for some time, the Cardinal Ursino repaired to his camp, and endeavoured to persuade him to moderate his terms, and agree to an

" Into our wounds, ambitious ear best pleas'd
" With the War's clamor and the groan of Death,
" Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on;
" We heard no voice of comfort; never aid
" Arriv'd. And now the loathliest food was sought,
" And now the wretched ones lay in our streets
" Crying for food, and dying as they cry'd---
" Oh God it was a dreadful sight to see!
" Yet still we struggled nobly. Blanchard still
" Spoke of the savage fury of the foe,
" Of captives massacred at Azincour,
" Of ravaged Caen, and of her gallant sons
" In cold blood murder'd. Then his scanty food
" Sharing

equitable peace; but the King's reply plainly evinced his determination of availing himself of the present situation of public affairs, " Do you not see," said he, " that God has brought me hither, as it were by the hand? The throne of France may be said to be vacant; I have a good title to that crown; the whole kingdom is involved in the utmost disorder and confusion; few are willing, and still fewer are able, to resist me. Can I have a more convincing proof of the interposition of heaven in my favour, and that the Supreme Ruler of all things has decreed that I should ascend the throne of France?"

HIST. of ENGLAND, by HUGH CLARENDON.

Line 646 Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valour in defence of their liberty and property.

H. CLARENDON.

" Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us
" Bear with our miseries cheerly.
" Thus distress'd
" Lest all should perish thus, our chieftains doom'd
" The helpless ones---dreadful alternative,
" To seek their fates. I never shall forget
" The horrors of that hour! Oh God forbid
" That my worst foe should ever feel such pangs.
" Then as our widow wives clung round our necks,
" And the deep sob of anguish interrupted
" The prayer of parting---even the pious priest
" As he implor'd his God to strengthen us,
" And told us we should meet again in Heaven,
" He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart
" That merciless man.---The wretched crowd pass'd on:
" My wife---my children---thro' the gates they pass'd---
" Then the gates clos'd.---Would I were in my grave
" That I might lose remembrance.
" What is man
" That

Line 659 After the capture of the city " Luca Italico, the Vicar Generall of the archbishop-

" That he can hear the groan of wretchedness
" And feel no fleshly pang! Why did the All-Good
" Create these warrior scourges of mankind,
" These who delight in slaughter? I did think
" There was not on this earth a heart so hard
" Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,
" And know no pity. As the outcast train
" Drew near, the English Monarch bade his troops
" Force back the miserable multitude.
" They drove them to the walls---it was the depth
" Of Winter---we had no relief to grant.
" The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain,
" The mother pleaded for her dying child
" And they felt no remorse!"

The Mission'd Maid
Starts from her seat---" The old and the infirm

" The

rike of Rouen for denouncing the King accursed was delivered to him and deteined in prison till he died." HOLINSHED. TITUS LIVIUS.

Line 672 " A great number of poore sillie creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches, beaten and driven back againe to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they laie betweene the wals of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still crieing for help and releefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them dailie died." HOLINSHED.

" The mother and her babes---and yet no lightning
" Blasted this man!"
" Aye Lady," BERTRAM cried,
" And when we sent the herald to implore
" His mercy on the helpless, he relax'd
" His stern face into savage merriment,
" Scoffing their agonies. On the high wall
" I stood and mark'd the miserable outcasts,
" And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
" Hard as it was, must feel. All night I stood---
" Their deep groans sounded on the midnight gale.
" Fainter

Line 681 One of the deputed citizens " shewing himself more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to shew wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the King not to shew his manhood in famishing a multitude of poore simple and innocent people, but rather suffer such miserable wretches as laie betwixt the walls of the citie and the trenches of his siege, to passe through the camp, that theie might get their living in other places, then if he durst manfullie assault the place, and by force subdue it, he should win both worldlie fame, and merit great meed from the hands of almightie God, for having compassion of the poore needie and indigent people. When this orator had said, the King with a fierce countenance and bold spirit, reproved them for their malapert presumption, in that they should seeme to go about to teach him what belonged to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore since it appeared that the same was unknown to them, he declared that the Goddesse of Battell called Bellona had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Famine, and whereas it laie in his choice to use them all three, he had appointed onelie the meekest maid of those three damsels to punish them of that citie till they were brought to reason. This answer put the French ambassador in a great studie, musing much at his *excellent wit* and hawtinesse of courage.

HOLINSHED.

" Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind
" Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last
" All was still, save that ever and anon
" Some mother shriek'd o'er her expiring child
" The shriek of frenzying anguish.
" From that hour
" On all the busy turmoil of the world
" I gaz'd with strange indifference; bearing want
" With the sick patience of a mind worn out.
" Nor when the Traitor yielded up our town
" Ought heeded I as through our ruin'd streets,
" Thro' putrid heaps of famish'd carcasses
" Pass'd the long pomp of triumph. One keen pang
" I felt, when by that bloody King's command
" The gallant Blanchard died. Calmly he died,
" And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
" That he had done his duty.

Line 697 Roan was betrayed by its Burgundian Governor Bouthellier. During this siege fifty thousand men perished through fatigue and the use of unwholesome provisions.

Line 702 Roy d'Angletterre fist coupper la teste a Allain Blanchart cappitaine du commun. MONSTRELLET. FEUILLET CXCVII.

" I survive,
" A solitary friendless wretched one,
" Knowing no joy save in the faith I feel
" That I shall soon be gather'd to my sires,
" And soon repose there where the wicked cease
" From troubling, and the weary are at rest.

" And happy," cried the delegated Maid,
" And happy they who in that holy faith
" Bow meekly to the rod! a little while
" Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,
" The hard wrongs of the great. A little while
" Tho' shelterless they feel the wintry wind,
" The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,
" And all beneath be peace. But woe to those,
" Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad
" Their train'd assassins, and who give to Fury
" The flaming firebrand; these indeed shall live
" The heroes of the wand'ring minstrel's song,
" But they have their reward: the innocent blood

" Steams

" Steams up to Heaven against them.---God shall hear
" The widow's groan."
So spake she and arose,
And they betook them to their homely rest.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

DUNOIS and the Maid arrive at Chinon. DUNOIS announces the Mission of JOAN. Despondency and incredulity of the King. He attempts to deceive her. She discovers and addresses him. CHARLES still incredulous convenes the Doctors of Theology. They assemble and examine the Maid. Event of that Examination.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE early sun beams on the latticed cot;
Up spring the travellers, and along their way
Holding high converse speed. So as they pass,
Fast by a spring that welling at his feet
With many a winding crept along the mead,
A Knight they saw. He at his plain repast
Felt the West wind play round his ungirt brow.
Him, drawing near the Bastard recogniz'd,
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chastel; and the mutual greeting pass'd,
They on the streamlet's mossy brink reclin'd,
Paus'd on their way, the frugal fare partook
And drank the running waters.

" Art thou bound
" For the Court Dunois?" exclaim'd the aged Knight,
" I deem'd thee far away, coop'd in the walls
" Of Orleans; a hard siege her valiant sons
" Right loyally endure."
" I left the town,"
Dunois reply'd, " thinking that my prompt speed
" Might seize the hostile stores, and with fresh force
" Re-enter. Fastolffe's better fate prevail'd,
" And from the field of shame my maddening horse
" Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gor'd his flank.
" Fatigued and faint with that day's dangerous toil,
" My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand
" Check'd I the powerless rein. Now thus reviv'd
" By Heaven's high aid, I seek the Court, and thence
" To that beleager'd town shall lead such force
" That the proud English in their fields of blood
" Shall perish."
" I too," Tannegui reply'd,
" May haply in the battle once again
" Serve

" Serve him my Royal Master; in his cause
" My youth adventur'd much, nor can my age
" Find better close than in the clang of arms
" To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.
" Thou art for the Court; Son of the Chief I lov'd!
" Be wise by my experience. Look not thou
" For happiness in that polluted scene.
" Thou see'st me here Dunois, a banish'd man,
" A not unwilling exile to appease
" The proud and powerful Richemont, who long time
" Most sternly jealous of the royal ear

" With

Line 759 Tanneguy du Châtel had saved the life of Charles when Paris was seized by the Burgundians. Lisle Adam, a man noted for ferocity even in that age, was admitted at midnight into the city with eight hundred horse. The partizans of Burgundy were under arms to assist them, and a dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs ensued. Du Chatel, then Governor of the Bastile, being unable to restrain the tumult, ran to the Louvre, and carried away the Dauphin in his shirt, in order to secure him in his fortress. RAPIN.

Line 765 Richemont caused De Giac to be strangled in his bed, and thrown into the Loire, to punish the negligence that had occasioned him to be defeated by an inferior force at Avranches. The Constable had laid siege to St. James de Beuvron, a place strongly garrisoned by the English. He had been promised a convoy of money, which De Giac, who had the management of the treasury, purposely detained to mortify the constable. Richemont openly accused the treasurer, and revenged himself thus violently. After this, he boldly declared that he would serve in the same manner any person whatsoever that should endeavour to engross the King's favor. The Camus of Beaulieu accepted De Giac's place, and was by the constable's means assassinated in the King's presence.

" With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire,
" Rolls the black carcase of his strangled foe.
" Now confident of strength, at the King's feet
" He stabs the King's best friends, and then demands,
" As with a conqueror's imperious tone,
" The post of honor. Son of that lov'd Chief
" Whose death my arm aveng'd, may thy days
" Be happy; serve thy country in the field,

" And

Line 774 " The Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy had agreed to bury all past quarrels in oblivion, and to enter into strict amity: they swore before the altar the sincerity of their friendship; the priest administered the sacrament to both of them; they gave to each other every pledge which could be deemed sacred among men. But all this solemn preparation was only a cover for the basest treachery, which was deliberately premeditated by the Duke of Burgundy. He procured his rival to be assassinated in the streets of Paris: he endeavoured for some time to conceal the part which he took in the crime, but being detected, he embraced a resolution still more criminal and more dangerous to society, by openly avowing and justifying it. The Parliament itself of Paris, the tribunal of justice, heard the harangues of the Duke's advocate, in defence of assassination, which he termed tyrannicide; and that assembly, partly influenced by faction, partly overawed by power, pronounced no sentence of condemnation against this detestable doctrine."——" This murder and still more the open avowal of the deed, and defence of the doctrine, tended to dissolve all bands of civil society, and even men of honour, who detested the example, might deem it just, on a favourable opportunity, to retaliate upon the author. Burgundy had entered into a secret treaty with the Dauphin, and the two Princes agreed to an interview, in order to concert the means of rendering effectual their common attack on the English; but how both or either of them could with safety venture upon this conference, it seeemed somewhat difficult to contrive. The Duke, therefore, who neither dared to give, nor could pretend to expect any trust, agreed to all the contrivances for mutual security which were proposed by the Ministers of the Dauphin. The two Princes came to Monteseau; the Duke lodged in the castle, the Dauphin in the town, which was divided from the castle by the river

" And in the hour of peace amid thy friends
" Dwell thou without ambition."
So he spake.
But when the Bastard told the wond'rous tale,
How interposing Heaven had its high aid
Vouchsaf'd to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,
And rising from the bank, the stately steed
That graz'd beside he mounts. " Farewell Dunois,
" Thou too the Delegate of Heaven, farewell!
" I go to raise the standard---we shall meet
" At Orleans." O'er the plain he spurr'd his steed.

They journey on their way till Chinon's towers
Rose

Yonne; the bridge between them was chosen for the place of interview; two high rails were drawn across the bridge; the gates on each side were guarded, one by the officers of the Dauphin, the other by those of the Duke. The Princes were to enter into the intermediate space by the opposite gates, accompanied each by ten persons, and with all these marks of diffidence, to conciliate their mutual friendship. But it appeared that no precautions are sufficient where laws have no place, and where all principles of honour are utterly abandoned. Tanneguy du Chatel, and others of the Dauphin's retainers, had been zealous partizans of the late Duke of Orleans, and they determined to seize the opportunity of revenging on the assassin the murder of that Prince. They no sooner entered the rails, than they drew their swords, and attacked the Duke of Burgundy. His friends were astonished, and thought not of making any defence; and all of them either shared his fate, or were taken prisoners by the retinue of the Dauphin.

HUME.

Rose to the distant view; imperial seat
Of Charles, for Paris with her servile sons
A headstrong mutable ferocious race,
Bow'd to the invader's yoke, since that sad hour
When Faction o'er her streets with giant stride
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,
As by the midnight torches' lurid light
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe convuls'd,
Listen'd the deep death groan. Ill-fated scene!
Thro' many a dark age drench'd with innocent blood,
And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt
Of BRISSOT murder'd, and the blameless wife
Of ROLAND! Martyr'd patriots---spirits pure,
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives

Sow'd

Line 791 A dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs had taken place when Lisle Adam entered Paris at midnight, May 18, 1418. This however, was only a prelude to a much greater commotion in the same city some days after. Upon news of what had passed, the exiles being returned to Paris from all quarters, the massacre was renewed June the 12th. The constable Armagnac was taken out of prison, murdered, and shamefully dragged through the streets. The Chancellor, several Bishops, and other persons, to the number of two thousand, underwent the same barbarous treatment. Women and children died smothered in dungeons. Many of the Nobles were forced to leap from high towers upon the points of spears. The massacre being ended, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph.

MEZERAY.—RAPIN.

Sow'd by your toil and by your blood manur'd
Th' imperishable seed, soon to become
That Tree, beneath whose vast and mighty shade
The sons of men shall pitch their tents in peace,
And in the unity of truth preserve
The bond of love. For by the eye of God
Hath Virtue sworn, that never one good act
Was work'd in vain!
In Paris triumph'd now
Th' Invader. On a cradled infant's head
Had Bedford plac'd the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee
In homage to their King, their Sovereign Lord,
Their baby mighty one.
" Belov'd of Heaven,"
So spake the Son of Orleans as they pass'd,
" Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abode
" Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry
" He of his armies vanquish'd, his fair towns
" Subdu'd, hears careless and prolongs the dance.

" And little marvel I that to the cares
" Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear,
" For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat,
" His strong holds taken, and his bravest Chiefs
" Or dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth
" All blasted, have subdu'd the royal mind
" Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.
" So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues !"

The mission'd maid reply'd, " Go thou Dunois,
" Announce my mission to the royal ear.
" I on the river's winding banks the while
" Would roam, collecting for high enterprize
" My thoughts, troubled tho' firm. He who essays
" Atchievements of vast import will perforce
" Feel his heart heave; and in my breast I feel
" Such perturbation."

On the banks of Vienne
Devious the Damsel turn'd. Thro' Chinon's gates
The Son of Orleans press'd with rapid step

Seeking

Seeking the King. Him from the public view
He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
And her partaker of the unlawful bed,
The lofty-minded Agnes.

"Son of Orleans!"
So as he enter'd cried the haughty fair,
"Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,
"The weak, unmanly, mean despondency
"Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
"To distant Dauphine and fly the war!
"Go then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat
"To distant Dauphine, and fly the war,

Line 114 Charles, in despair of collecting an army which should dare to approach the enemy's entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for lost, but began to entertain a very dismal prospect with regard to the general state of his affairs. He saw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, subsisted, would be laid entirely open to the invasion of a powerful and victorious enemy, and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiny, and defending himself as long as possible in those remote provinces. But it was fortunate for this good Prince, that as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. MARY of ANJOU, his Queen, a Princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partizans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a Prince who seemed himself to despair of success: his mistress too, the fair AGNES SOREL, who lived in entire amity with the Queen, seconded all her remonstrances. HUME.

" Recreant from Battle! I will not partake
" A fugitive's fate, but to my home returning
" In bitterness of memory curse the hour
" When to a coward basely I resign'd
" My virgin worth."
" Nay Agnes," Charles replied,
" Add not the anguish of thy keen reproach!
" I have enough of sorrow. Look around,
" See this fair country ravag'd by the foe,
" My strong holds taken, and my bravest Chiefs
" Fall'n in the field, or captives far away.
" Dead is the Douglas---cold thy warrior frame,
" Illustrious Buchan; ye from Scotland's hills,
" Not mindless of your old ally distress'd,
" Rush'd to his succour: in his cause ye fought,
" Ye perish'd. Gallant rash ill-destin'd Nabonne!
" Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of Heaven.
" Cold, Graville, is thy sinewy arm in death.
" Fall'n is Ventadaur. Silent in the grave
" Ramboilillet sleeps. Bretagne's unfaithful chief
" Leagues

" Leagues with my foes, and Richemont or in arms
" Defies my weak controul, or from my side,
" (A friend more dreaded than the enemy)
" Drives my best servants with the assassin sword.
" Soon must the towers of Orleans fall. But now
" These sad thoughts boot not. Welcome to our court,
" Dunois! We yet can give the friendly feast,
" And from the heavy cares of empire win
" One hospitable day of merriment.

The Chief reply'd, " So may thy future years
" Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills
" Shall vanish like a vision of the night!
" To thee, to France I come the messenger
" Of aid from Heaven. The delegated Maid
" With me, whom Providence all-wise decrees
" The saviour of the realm. Me, gash'd with wounds,
" And in mine own blood senseless on the plain,
" This more than mortal with celestial touch,
" Woke to new life."

Astonish'd

Astonish'd by his speech
Stood Charles. " At one of meaner estimation
" I should have smil'd, Dunois. Thy well-known worth,
" The loyalty of all thy noble house,
" Compel me even to this a most strange tale
" To lend a serious ear. A woman sent
" From Heaven, the Saviour of this wasted realm,
" Whose magic touch awoke thee to new life
" When gash'd with wounds and senseless! Son of Orleans,
" Ill now beseems ought hazardous. My state
" Totters upon destruction. Is my person
" Known to this woman?"
" She has liv'd retir'd,"
The Bastard answer'd, " ignorant of courts,
" And little heeding, till the spirit of God
" Rous'd her to this great work."
To him the King,
" She knows not then my person. Thou, Dunois,
" Lead here the Maiden. On the throne meantime,
" I the while mingling with the menial throng,
" Some

" Some courtier shall be seated. If this Maid
" Be by the holy spirit of God inspir'd,
" That holy spirit will gift her with the power
" To pierce deception. But if strange of mind
" Enthusiast fancy fire her wilder'd brain,
" Thus prov'd, she to obscurity again
" May guiltlessly retire. Our English foes
" Might well exult to see the sons of France
" Led by a frenzied female." So he said;
And confident in faith the son of Orleans
Sought on the banks of Vienne the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court conven'd; the jewell'd crown
Shines on a menial's head. Amid the throng
The Monarch stands, and anxious for the event,
His heart beats high. She comes---the inspired maid!
And as the Bastard led her to the throne,
Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty,
Fix'd full her eye on Charles.
" Thou art the King.
" I come the avenging Delegate of Heaven,
" Wielding

" Wielding the wrathful weapon, from whose death,
" Their stern hearts palsied by the arm of God,
" Far from Orleans shall the English wolves
" Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!
" Spread the good tidings through thy ravag'd realm.
" The Maid is come---the mission'd Maid---whose hand
" Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
" Place on thy head the crown."
In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. The astonish'd King exclaim'd
" This is indeed the agency of Heaven!
" Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,
" Did I not now with full and confirm'd faith
" Thee the redeemer of this ravag'd realm
" Believe. Not doubting therefore the strange will
" Of the all-wise, nor those high miracles
" Vouch'd by the Son of Orleans, do I now
" Delay to marshal the brave sons of France
" Beneath thy banners; but to satisfy
" Those who at distance from this most clear proof

" May

" May hear and disbelieve, or yield at best
" A cold assent. These fully to confirm
" And more to manifest thy holy power,
" Forthwith with all due speed I shall convene
" The Doctors of Theology, wise men
" And skilful in the mysteries of Heaven.
" By these thy mission studied and approv'd,
" As needs it must be; of these holy men
" The sanction to the dubious minds of all
" Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief
" Lead on thy favour'd troops to mightiest deeds,
" Surpassing human credibility."

Well pleas'd the maiden heard. Her the King leads
From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell
With Mary. Watchfull for her Lord's return
She sat with Agnes. Agnes proud of heart,
Majestically fair, whose large full eye
Or flashing anger, or with scornful scowl
Deform'd her beauteous features. Yet with her

The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,
Mary, obedient to her husband's will,
Dwelt peaceful, from the proudly generous mind
Of Agnes winning friendship. Soon the Maid
Lov'd the mild Queen, and sojourning with her,
Expects the solemn summons.
Thro' the realm
Meantime the King's convoking voice was heard,
And from their palaces and monasteries
Swarm'd forth the Doctors, men acute and deep,
Grown grey in study; Priests and Bishops haste
To Chinon.---Teachers wise and with high names,
Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
By their admiring pupils dignified.

Nor SUPERSTITION to embrace the hour
Neglects. She hastens from the English court,
Where mad Ferocity led the holy war,
Arm'd with the mitred helmet. By her side
Inanely learn'd, came reverend IGNORANCE,

His

His grey eye large and rayless; o'er his beads
Aye wont to mutter forth the drowsy prayer.
And meet companion came with these the form
Of CRUELTY, like monk Dominican
His garb. One hand Tertullian's volume grasp'd,
Volume beloved! and high the other rear'd
The thirsty sword, whose impious hilt display'd
The cross. These join'd the theologic train.

The Doctors met---from cloister gloom recluse
Or from the haunts luxurious of the abode,
Episcopal they met, and sought the place
Of judgment. Very ancient was the dome,
The floor with many a monumental stone
O'erspread, and brass-ensculptur'd effigy
Of holy abbots honor'd in their day,
Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms
Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,
Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. The windows gleam'd
Awful and dim their many-colour'd light

Thro' the rich robes of Eremites and Saints,
Trees, mountains, castles, ships, sun, moon, and stars,
Splendid confusion! the pure wave beneath
Reflects and trembles in the purpling beam.
On the altar burns that mystic lamp whose flame
May not be quench'd.
Circling round the vase
They bow the knee, uttering the half-heard prayer;
Mysterious power communicating thus
To the hallowed water, deem'd a mightier spell
O'er the fierce fiends of Satan's fallen crew,
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly,
Or they who sitting on the rifled grave,
Seen by th' exhalations lurid light,
Partake the Vampire's banquet.
This perform'd,
The maid is summon'd. Round the holy vase
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrob'd
In sacred vests, a venerable train
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys

Their

Their summons. As she came a loveliest blush
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became
One mindful still of maiden modesty,
Tho' of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle
The cold wind moaning as it pass'd along
Wav'd her dark flowing locks. Before the train
In reverend silence waiting their sage will,
With half averted eye she stood compos'd.
So have I seen the simple snow-drop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation.

By the maiden's side
Proud in conviction stood the warrior Son
Of Orleans to avow his deep wounds heal'd
By power miraculous vouchsaf'd from Heaven
To her the inspir'd damsel. As he stood,
Viewing with steady eye the magic rites
Of preparation, thus the arch Priest spake
Severe. "Woman,

" Woman, if any fiend of hell
" Lurk in thy bosom so to prompt the vaunt
" Of inspiration, and to mock the power
" Of God and holy church, thus by the virtue
" Of water hallow'd by the name of God
" That damned spirit adjure I to depart
" From his possessed prey. Detected thus
" Thy impious wiles, to th' ecclesiastic arm
" Thou must deliver'd purge in flames the crime
" Atrocious."

Thus he spake, and dash'd the wave
With hand unsparing on the virgin's face:
The water shone upon her glowing cheek
Like morning dew-drops on the opening rose.
Indignant at th' unworthy charge the Maid
Felt her cheek flush, but soon, the transient glow
Fading, she answer'd meek.

" Most holy Sires,
" Ye reverend Fathers of the Christian church
" Most catholic! before your view I stand

" A

" A poor weak woman. Of the grace vouchsaf'd,
" How far unworthy conscious: yet tho' mean,
" Guiltless of ill, and chosen by highest heaven
" The minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
" The dark and shadowing visions of the night,
" And that miraculous power that thro' the frame,
" Then gored with wounds and senseless, of Dunois,
" Pour'd rapid the full tide of life and health,
" These portents make me conscious of the God
" Within me---he who gifted my purg'd eye
" To know the Monarch 'mid the menial throng,
" Unseen before. Thus much it boots to say.
" The life of simple virgin ill deserves
" To call your minds from studies wise and deep,
" Not to be fathom'd by the weaker sense
" Of man profane."

Blushing the Maiden spake.
Thus then the Father:

" Brethren ye have heard
" The woman's tale. Beseems us now to ask

" Whether

" Whether of holy church a duteous child
" Before our court appears, so not unlike
" Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle:
" Or silly heretic whose erring thoughts
" Monstrous and vain perchance might stray beyond
" All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs
" Impossible? Say, woman, from thy youth
" Hast thou (as rightly mother church demands)
" To holy Priest confess'd each secret sin,
" So purg'd by grace to him vouchsaf'd from Heaven,
" Of absolution?
" Father," she replied,
" In forest shade my infant years train'd up
" Knew not devotion's forms. The chaunted mass,
" The silver altar and religious robe,
" The mystic wafer and the hallowed cup,
" Gods priest-created, are to me unknown.
" Beneath no high-arch'd roof I bow'd in prayer,
" No solemn light by storied pane disguis'd,
" No trophied pillars, and no imag'd cross

" Wak'd

" Wak'd my young mind to artificial awe,
" To fear the God I only learnt to love.
" I saw th' eternal energy pervade
" The boundless range of nature, with the Sun
" Pour life and radiance from his flamy path,
" And on the lowliest flowret in the field
" The kindly dew-drops shed. All nature's voice
" Proclaim'd the all-good Parent; nor myself
" Deem'd I by him neglected. This good Power
" My more than Father taught my youth to know,
" Knowing to love, and loving to adore.
" At earliest morn to him my grateful heart
" Pour'd forth th' unstudied prayer, that spake my thanks
" For mercies oft vouchsaf'd, and humbly ask'd
" Protection yet to come. Each flower, that bloom'd
" Expanding in the new-born spring, call'd forth
" The soul of full devotion. Every morn
" My soaring spirit glorified the God
" Of light, and every evening thank'd the Power
" Preserving thro' the day. For sins confest

" To

" To holy Priest and absolution given
" I knew them not; for ignorant of sin
" Why should I seek forgiveness? Of the points
" Abstruse of nice religion, and the bounds
" Subtile and narrow which confine the path
" Of orthodox belief, my artless creed
" Knew nought. 'Twas Nature taught my early youth
" Religion---Nature bade me see the God
" Confest in all that lives, and moves, and is."

She spake energic. The full force of truth
Breath'd from her lips. Appall'd the Doctors stood
In vacant wonder, listening to the sounds
Unwonted; till at last a Priest replied:

" Woman, of holy church thou seemst to scorn
" Prophane the mighty power; nay more---thy lips
" Confess that nature taught thee thy religion.
" This is heretical, and thou thyself
" Hast proved it impious; for thou hast declared

" Masses

" Masses and absolution and the use
" Of mystic wafer are to thee unknown.
" How then could nature teach thee true religion,
" Depriv'd of these? Nature can teach to sin,
" But 'tis the Priest alone can teach remorse,
" Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of Heaven,
" And from the penal fires of purgatory
" Absolve the soul. Could nature teach thee this?
" Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
" And that his successors' unbounded power
" Extends o'er either world? Altho' thy life
" Of sin were free, if of this holy truth
" Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
" Transgression."

Thus he spake, the applauding look
Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid
Was silent.

" Fathers of the holy church,
" If on these points abstruse a simple maid
" Like me, should err, impute not you the crime

" To self-will'd wisdom, vaunting its own strength
" Above omnipotence. 'Tis true my youth,
" Conceal'd in forest gloom, knew not the sound
" Of mass high-chaunted, nor with trembling lips
" I touch'd the mystic wafer: yet the Bird
" That to the matin ray prelusive pour'd
" His joyous song, methought did warble forth
" Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear
" In his wild melody of happiness,
" Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs
" Of man. Yet never from the bending vine
" Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
" Of that good God unmindful, who bestow'd
" The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, Sires,
" That Nature only teaches man to sin!
" If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
" To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,
" This is what Nature taught! No, REVERENDS! no,
" It is not Nature that can teach to sin:
" Nature is all Benevolence---all Love,

" All

" All Beauty! In the greenwood's simple shade
" There is no vice that to the indignant cheek
" Bids the red current rush.---No misery there---
" No wretched mother, that with pallid face
" And famine-fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes,
" With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
" As shall one day, with damning eloquence,
" Against the mighty plead! Nature teach sin!
" O blasphemy against the Holy One,
" Who made us in the image of himself,
" Who made us all for Happiness and Love,
" Infinite happiness---infinite love,
" Partakers of his own eternity.

Solemn and slow the reverend Priest replied,
" Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven
" Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles
" On one fore-doom'd to misery; for so doom'd
" Is that deluded one, who, of the mass
" Unheeding, and the Church's saving power,

" Deems

" Deems nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well,
" Brethren, I would propose this woman try
" The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and stript,
" (Lest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd
" Some holy relic so profan'd) be cast
" In the deep pond; there if she float, no doubt
" Some fiend upholds, but if she instant sink
" O'erwhelm'd, sure sign that Providence displays
" Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk
" Blinded and bare o'er ploughshares heated red,
" And o'er these past, her naked arm plunge deep
" In scalding water. If from these she pass
" Unhurt, to holy father of the church
" Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause
" For judgment: and this Chief, the Son of Orleans,
" Heal'd, as he says, even at the point of death,
" By her miraculous touch, shall pass with her
" The sacred trial."
" Grace of God!" exclaim'd
The astonish'd Bastard; " Plunge me in the pool,
" O'er

" O'er red-hot ploughshares make me dance to please
" Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church,
" Where is your gravity? what elder-like
" This fairer than Susannah would you eye?
" Ye call for ordeals---and I too demand
" The noblest ordeal, on the English host
" To prove in victory the mission sent
" From favoring Heaven. To the Pope refer
" For judgment! Know ye not that France even now
" Stands tottering on destruction!
Starting wild,
With a strange look, the mission'd Maid exclaim'd,
" The sword of God is here! the grave shall speak
" To manifest me!
Even as she spake,
A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb
Besides her. A deep silence thro' the dome
Dwelt awful. Sudden from that house of death
The clash of arms was heard, as tho' within
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs.

" Hear

Hear ye," the Damsel cried; these are the arms
" That shall flash terror o'er the hostile host.
" These, in the presence of our Lord the King,
" And the assembled people, I shall take
" From this the sepulchre, where many an age
" Incorruptible they have lain conceal'd,
" Destin'd for me, the Delegate of Heaven.

Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied:
" Thou art indeed the delegate of Heaven!
" What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform!
" We ratify thy mission. Go in peace.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

A Messenger arrives from Orleans, representing the distress of that city, and requesting immediate succours. JOAN, in the presence of the King and assembled people, takes the armour of Orlando from his tomb in the church of St. Catharine of Fierbois. Strange conduct of the Messenger. The Maid recognizes him. She meets with Theodore. Returns despondently to the palace, and after expressing her disgust at the licentiousness of the court, announces her intention of marching on the morrow to relieve Orleans.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE feast was spread---the sparkling bowl went round,
And to the assembled court the minstrel harp'd
The song of other days. Sudden they heard
The horn's loud blast. " This is no time for cares,
" Feast ye the messenger without," cried Charles,
" Enough is given of the wearying day
" To the public weal."
Obedient to the King
The guard invites the traveller to his fare.
" Nay, I shall see the monarch," he replied,
" And he shall hear my tidings, duty-urg'd;
" For many a long league have I hasten'd on,
" Not now to be repell'd." Then with strong arm

Removing

Removing him who barr'd his onward way,
The hall he enters.
" King of France! I come
" From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid
" Demanding for her gallant garrison,
" Faithful to thee, tho' thinn'd in many a fight,
" And wither'd now by want. Thee it beseems
" For ever anxious for thy people's weal,
" To succour these brave men whose honest breasts
" Bulwark thy throne."
He said, and from the hall
With upright step departing, in amaze
At his so bold deportment left the court.
The King exclaim'd, " But little need to send
" Quick succour to this gallant garrison,
" If to the English half so firm a front
" They bear in battle!"
" In the field my liege,"
Dunois replied, " That man has serv'd thee well.
" Him have I seen the foremost of the fight,
" Wielding

" Wielding so fearfully his blood-red sword,
" His eye so fury-fired, that the pale foe
" Let fall their palsied arms with powerless stroke,
" Desperate of safety. I do marvel much
" That he is here. Orleans must be hard press'd
" When one the bravest of her garrison
" Is thus commission'd."
Swift the Maid exclaim'd,
" I tell thee Chief, that there the English wolves
" Shall never pour their yells of victory.
" The will of God defends those fated walls,
" And resting in full faith on that high will
" I mock their efforts. But the night draws on;
" Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun
" Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre,
" Shall on that armor gleam, thro' many an age
" Kept holy and inviolate by time."
She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd

Coming

Coming solemnity: and far and wide
Spread the strange tidings. Every labor ceas'd;
The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes;
The armourer's anvil beats no more the din
Of future slaughter. Thro' the thronging streets
The buz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Catherine's sacred fane they go;
The holy fathers with the imag'd cross
Leading the long procession. Next, as one
Suppliant for mercy to the King of Kings,
And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,
The Monarch pass'd; and by his side the Maid;
Her lovely limbs rob'd in a snow-white vest:
Wistless that every eye dwelt on her form,
With stately step she paced; her laboring soul
To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round
With the wild eye, that of the circling throng
And of the visible world unseeing, saw
The shapes of holy phantasy. By her

The warrior Son of Orleans strode along
Preeminent. He, nerving his young limbs
With manly exercise, had scaled the cliff,
And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood,
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury: so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,
Tower'd high amid the throng effeminate;
His armour bore of hostile steel the marks,
Many and deep. His pictur'd shield display'd
A Lion vainly struggling in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,
His young mane floating to the desart air,
Rends the fall'n huntsman. Tremouille him behind,
The worthless favourite of the slothful Prince,
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armour clasp'd
With gold and gems of richest hues emboss'd,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade
Defaced, and rusted by no hostile blood;
Trimly-accoutred court habiliment,
Gay, lady-dazzling armour, fit to adorn,

In dangerless manœuvres some review,
The mockery of murder! follow'd him
The train of courtiers, summer-flies that sport
In the sun-beam of favor, insects sprung
From the court dunghill, greedy blood-suckers,
The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.

As o'er some flowery field the busy bees
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody
To the tired traveller, under some old oak
Stretch'd in the checquer'd shade; or as the sound
Of far-off waters down the craggy steep
Dash'd with loud uproar, rose the murmer round
Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwelt on the mission'd Maid. Of all besides,
The long procession and the gorgeous train,
Tho' glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,
And their rich plumes high waving to the air,
Heedless.

The consecrated dome they reach,

Rear'd

Rear'd to St. Catharine's holy memory.
Her death the altar told, what time expos'd
A virgin victim to the despot's rage,
The agonizing rack outstretch'd her limbs,
Till the strain'd muscles crack'd, and from their sockets
Started the blood-red eyes. Before her stood
Glutting his iron sight, the giant form
Of Maximin, on whose rais'd lip Revenge
Kindled a savage smile; whilst even the face
Of the hard executioner relax'd,
And sternly soften'd to a maiden tear.

Her eye averting from the storied woe,
The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd
To Heaven the prayer of praise.
A trophied tomb
Close to the altar rear'd its antique bulk.
Two pointless javelins and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone

And rude-ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. Above stood VICTORY,
With lifted arm and trump as she would blow
The blast of Fame, but on her out-stretch'd arm
DEATH laid his ebon rod.
The Maid approach'd---
DEATH dropt his ebon rod---the lifted trump
Pour'd forth a blast whose sound miraculous
Burst the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd
The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength,
The oval shield, the magic-temper'd blade.
A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
O'er her white robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
Self-fitted to her form. On her helm'd head
The white plumes nod, majestically slow.
She lifts the buckler and the magic sword,
Gleaming portentous light.
The amazed crowd
Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"

The Maid exclaim'd, " Father all merciful!
" Devoted to whose holy will, I wield
" The sword of Vengeance, go before our hosts!
" All-just avenger of the innocent,
" Be thou our Champion! God of Love, preserve
" Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She spake, and lo again the magic trump
Breath'd forth the notes of conquest. The white plumes
Responsive o'er the martial Maiden's head,
Triumphant waved. They rais'd the chaunted mass
" Thee Lord we praise, our God." The assembled throng
Join'd the loud hymn in choral harmony.

As thro' the parting crowd the virgin pass'd,
He who from Orleans on the yesternight
Demanded succour, clasp'd with warmth her hand,
And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim'd,
" Ill-omen'd Maid! victim of thine own worth,
" Devoted for the King-curst realm of France!

" Ill-omen'd

" Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee." So saying,
He turn'd into the crowd. At his strange words
Disturb'd, the warrior virgin pass'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retreads the palace: there the feast was spread,
And sparkling with the red dew of the vine-yard,
The bowl went round. Meantime the minstrel struck
His harp: the Palladins of France he sung;
The warrior who from Arden's fated fount
Drank of the bitter waters of aversion,
And loathing beauty, spurn'd the lovely Maid,
Suppliant for Love; soon doom'd to rue the charm
Revers'd: and that invulnerable Chief
Orlando, he who from the magic horn
Breath'd such heart-withering sounds, that every foe
Fled from the fearful blast, and all-appall'd,
Spell-stricken Valour hid his recreant head.

The full sound echoed o'er the arched roof,
And listening eager to the favourite lay,

The

The guests sat silent. When into the hall
The Messenger from that besieged town,
Stalk'd stately. " It is pleasant, King of France,
" To feast at ease and hear the harper's song;
" Far other music hear the men of Orleans!
" DEATH is among them; there the voice of Woe
" Moans ceaseless."
" Rude unmannerly intruder!"
Exclaim'd the Monarch, " Cease to interrupt
" The hour of merriment; it is not thine
" To instruct me in my duty."
Of reproof
Heedless, the stranger to the minstrel cried,
" Why harpest thou of Good Rinaldo's fame
" Amid these walls? Virtue and Genius love
" That lofty lay. Hast thou no loose lewd tale
" To pamper and provoke the appetite?
" Such should procure thee worthy recompence:
" Or rather sing thou of that mighty one,
" Who tore the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom,

" That

" That was to him even as a daughter! Charles,
" This holy tale would I tell, prophet-like,
" And gazing on thee cry, " Thou art the man!"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step
Retired. Astonish'd at his daring phrase,
The guests sat heedless of the minstrel's song,
Pondering the words mysterious. Soon the harp
Beguil'd their senses of anxiety.

The court dispers'd: retiring from the hall,
Charles and the delegated damsel sought
The inner palace. There awaited them
The Queen: with her *JOAN* loved to pass the hours,
By various converse cheer'd; for she had won
The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,
The calm and duteous patience that deplor'd
A husband's cold half-love. To her she told
With what strange words the messenger from Orleans
Had rous'd uneasy wonder in her mind;

For

For on her ear yet vibrated the voice,
" Ill-omen'd Maid I pity thee!" when lo!
Again that man stalk'd to the door, and stood
Scowling around.
" Why dost thou haunt me thus,"
The Monarch cried, " Is there no place secure
" From thy rude insolence? unmanner'd Man!
" I know thee not!"
" Then learn to know me, Charles!"
Solemnly he replied; " read well my face,
" That thou mayest know it on that dreadful day,
" When at the throne of God I shall demand
" His justice on thee!" Turning from the King,
To Agnes as she enter'd, in a tone
More low, more awfully severe, he cried,
" Dost thou too know me not?"
She glanced on him,
And pale and breathless hid her head convuls'd
In the Maid's bosom.
" King of France!" he said,
" She

" She lov'd me! day by day I dwelt with her,
" Her voice was music---very sweet her smiles!
" I left her! left her Charles, in evil hour,
" To fight thy battles. Thou meantime didst come,
" Staining most foul her spotless purity;
" For she was pure---my Agnes! even as snow
" Fall'n in some cleft where never the fierce Sun
" Pours his hot ray---most foul, for once most fair:
" My poor polluted Agnes!---Thou bad man!
" Thou hast almost shaken my faith in Heaven.
" I see thee rioting in sloth and guilt,
" And yet thou restest pillowing thy head
" Even on her bosom! I, tho' innocent
" Of ill, the victim of another's vice,
" Drag on the loathsome burthen of existence,
" And doubt Heaven's justice!"

So he said, and frown'd
Dark as that man who at MOHAMMED's door
Knock'd fierce and frequent; from whose fearful look
Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled.

Even

Even he the prophet almost terrified,
Endur'd but half to view him, for he knew
AZARAEL, stern-brow'd Messenger of Fate,
And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified
The Monarch sat, nor could endure to face
His bosom-probing frown. The mission'd Maid
Read anxious his stern features and exclaim'd
" I know thee Conrade!" Rising from her seat,
She took his hand, for he stood motionless,
Gazing on Agnes now with full-fix'd eye,
Dreadful though calm: him from the Court she drew,
And to the river's banks resisting not,
Both sadly silent led; till at the last
As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd
Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck,
He wept.
" I know thee, Damsel!" he exclaim'd,
" Dost thou remember that tempestuous night,
" When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought
" Your hospitable doors? ah me! I then

" Was happy! you too sojourn'd then in peace.
" Fool that I was I blam'd such happiness,
" Arraign'd it as a guilty selfish sloth,
" Unhappily prevailing, so I fear me,
" Or why art thou at Chinon?"
Him the Maid
Answering, address'd. " I do remember well
" That night: for then the holy Spirit first,
" Wak'd by thy words, possess'd me."
Conrade cried,
" Then I have one more sin to answer for!
" Oh Maiden, thou wert happy! thou hadst liv'd
" Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd
" Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path.
" And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd
" The feverish fancies of thine ardent brain!
" And hast thou left him too, the youth whose eye
" For ever glancing on thee, spake so well
" Affection's eloquent tale?
So as he said,
Rush'd

Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek.
" I am alone" she answer'd, " for this realm
" Devoted." Nor to answer more the maid
Endur'd; for many a melancholy thought
Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye
Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc:
She gaz'd amid the air with such sad look,
Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause,
As he the virtuous exile feels, who, driven
By " that dark Vizier" from his native land,
Roams on the sea beach, while the roaring waves
Rocking his senses, break upon the shore.
Lost in sad dreams his distant home he sees,
His friends, and haply too an aged Mother
That weeps for him in bitterness of heart.
All, all he loved fond fancy sees again,
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,
And drowns the soft enchantment.

By the hand

Her

Line 293 Thomas Muir.
Line 294 Though roused by that dark Vizier, RIOT rude, &c.

Her Conrade held and cried, " Ill-fated Maid,
" That I have torn thee from Affection's breast,
" My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve
" Like me, the worthless Court, and having serv'd,
" In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou shalt curse
" The duty that deluded. Of the world
" Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow men
" I shall be seen no more. There is a path---
" The eagle hath not mark'd it, the young wolf
" Knows not its hidden windings: I have trod
" That path, and mark'd a melancholy den,
" Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,
" May pamper him in compleat wretchedness.
" There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
" Conrade shall dwell, and in the languid hour,
" When the jarr'd senses sink to a sick calm,
" Shall mourn the waste of frenzy!"
So he spake,
And clasping to his heart the Virgin's hand,
Sped rapid o'er the plain. She with dim eyes,
For gushing tears obscur'd them, follow'd him

Till

Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne
Then wander'd, till o'erwearied on the banks
She laid her down, and watch'd its slowest stream
Dim purpling to the clouds, that still were pierc'd
By the sunk day-star's ray. The murmuring tide
Lull'd her, and many a pensive pleasing dream
Rose in sad shadowy trains at Memory's call.
She thought of Arc, and of the dingled brook,
Whose waves oft leaping on their craggy course
Made dance the low-hung willow's dripping twigs;
And where it spread into a glassy lake,
Of that old oak, which on the smooth expanse
Imaged its hoary mossy-mantled boughs.
Wak'd by the thought, a tear ran down her cheek
Unconscious, when a voice behind address'd her,
" Forgive the intrusion, Lady! I would ask
" Where I might meet that Heaven-commission'd Maid,
" Call'd to deliver France.'

The well-known tones

Thrill'd

Thrill'd her: her heart throbb'd fast---she started up,
And fell upon the neck of Theodore.

" Oh! I have found thee!" cried th' enraptur'd youth,
" And I shall dare the battle by thy side,
" And shield thee from the war! but tell me, *JOAN*,
" Why didst thou brood in such strange mystery,
" O'er this thy Heaven-doom'd purpose? trust me, Maiden
" I have shed many tears for that wild gloom
" That so estranged thee from thy Theodore!
" If thou couldst know the anguish I endur'd
" When thou wert gone! how thro' the live-long night
" I vainly travers'd o'er thy wonted paths,
" Making the forest echo to thy name!
" Our mother too! in sooth it was unkind
" To leave us thus!"

Mindless of her high call,
Again the lowly shepherdess of Arc,
In half-articulated words the Maid
Express'd her joy. Of Elinor she ask'd,

How

How from a doting mother he had come
In arms array'd.
" Thou wakest in my mind
" A thought that makes me sad," the youth replied,
" For Elinor wept much at my resolve,
" And eloquent with all a mother's fears,
" Urg'd me to leave her not. My wayward heart
" Smote me as I look'd back and saw her wave
" Adieu! but high in hope I soon beguil'd
" These melancholy feelings by the thought
" That we should both return to cheer her age,
" Thy mission well fulfill'd, and quit no more
" The copse-embosom'd cottage."
But the Maid
Soon started from her dream of happiness,
For on her memory flash'd the flaming pile.
A death-like paleness at the dreadful thoughts
Wither'd her cheek; the dews on her cold brow
Started, and on the arm of Theodore
Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye
Concentring

Concentring all the anguish of the soul,
And strain'd in anxious love, on her wan cheek
Fearfully silent gazed. But by the thought
Of her high mission rous'd, the Maiden's soul
Collected, and she spake.

" My Theodore,
" Thou hast done wrong to quit thy mother's home!
" Alone and aged she will weep for thee,
" Wasting the little that is left of life
" In anguish. Go thee back again to Arc,
" And cheering so her wintry hour of age,
" Cherish my memory there."

Swift he exclaim'd,
" Nay Maid! the pang of parting is o'erpast,
" And Elinor looks on to the glad hour
" When we shall both return. Amid the war
" How many an arm will seek thy single life,
" How many a sword pierce thro' thy brittle mail,
" Wound thy fair face, or, driven with impious rage,
" Gore thy white bosom! *JOAN*, I will go with thee,

" And

" And spread the guardian shield!"

Again the Maid
Grew pale ; for of her last and terrible hour
The vision'd scene she saw. " Nay," she replied,
" I shall not need thy succour in the war.
" Me Heaven, if so seem good to it's high will,
" Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,
" Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,
" And make thy mother happy."

The youth's cheek
A rapid blush disorder'd. " O ! the Court
" Is pleasant, and thy soul would fain forget
" An obscure Villager, who only boasts
" The treasure of the heart!"

She look'd at him
With the reproaching eye of tenderness :
" Devoted for the realm of France, I go
" A willing victim. The unpierced Veil
" Was raised, and my gifted eye beheld
" The fearful features of futurity.

" Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,
" Abandoning for this the joys of life,
" Yea, life itself!" then on his neck she fell,
And with a faultering voice, " return to Arc;
" I do not tell thee there are other maids
" As fair: for thou wilt love my memory,
" Hallowing to it the temple of thy h eart.
" Worthy a happier, not a better love,
" My Theodore!"---Then, pressing his pale lips,
A last and holy kiss the Virgin fix'd,
And rush'd across the plain.
She reach'd the court
Breathless. The mingled movements of her mind
Shook ev'ry fibre. Sad and sick at heart,
Fain to her lonely chamber's solitude
The Maiden had retir'd; but her the King
Met on the threshold. He of the late scene
Forgetful and his crime, as chearful seem'd
As tho' there had not been a God in Heav'n!
" Enter the hall," he cried, " the masquers there
Join

" Join in the dance. Why Maiden art thou sad?
" Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame
" With his strange frenzies?"
The disgusted Maid,
As sternly sorrowful she frown'd upon him,
Replied. " Yes, Charles! that Madman has indeed
" Made me most sad. Much had I heard of courts,
" Much of the vice and folly that enthrall'd
" The masters of mankind. Incredulous
" I heard, incredulous that man should bow
" In homage to the slaves of appetite.
" Thron'd in Infinity, the Eternal Justice
" Gives or witholds success; by his high will
" Withering the uplifted Warrior's sinewy arm.
" VICTORY is his; on whom he delegates
" His minister of wrath, the Genius waits
" Stern-brow'd attendant. In the human heart
" Dwells VIRTUE; milder form! and templed there
" Loves her meet altar; and, tho' oft dislodg'd,
" Reluctantly she quits her lov'd abode,

" And

" And oft returns, and oft importunate
" Reclaims her empire. Wilt thou Charles, reject
" The suppliant angel? wilt thou thrust her from thee,
" Turning thine ear from her unheeded cries,
" To Riot's deaf'ning clamors? King of France!
" To thee elated, thus above mankind
" Subjected thousands gaze: they wait thy will,
" They wait thy will to quit their peaceful homes,
" To quit the comforts of domestic life,
" For the camp's dissonance, the clang of arms,
" The banquet of destruction. King of France,
" Glows not thy crimson cheek---sinks not thine heart
" At the dread thought of thousands in thy cause,
" Mow'd by the giant scythe of Victory?
" Of widows weeping for their slaughter'd husbands?
" Of orphans groaning for their daily food?
" Oh that my voice in thunder might awake
" The monitor within thee! that thy soul
" Might, like Manoah's iron-sinewed son,
" Burst its base fetters!"

The

The astonish'd King,
Trembled like Felix, when the Apostle spake
Of righteousness to come.
And now Dunois,
Poising a javelin, came with hasty step:
His eye beam'd exultation.
Thou hast rous'd
" The sleeping virtue of the sons of France;
" They croud around the standard," cried the chief.
" My lance is ponderous; I have sharp'd my sword
" To meet the mortal combat. Mission'd Maid,
" Our brethren sieged in Orleans, every moment
" Gaze from the watch-tower with the sick'ning eye
" Of expectation."
Rous'd from his amaze,
And trusting by religion's forms observ'd,
With scrupulous care, to atone for the foul breach
Of her first duties, thus the King exclaim'd:
" O chosen by Heav'n, defer awhile thy march,
" That o'er the land my Heralds may proclaim

A general

" A general fast."
Severe the Maid replied:
" Monarch of France! and canst thou think that God
" Beholds well-pleas'd the mock'ry of a fast?
" Luxuriant lordly riot is content
" And willingly obedient to command,
" Feasts on some sainted dainty. The poor man,
" From the hard labor of the day debarr'd,
" Loses his hard meal too. It were to waste
" The hour in impious folly, so to bribe
" The

Line 489 " If they who mingled the Cup of Bitterness, drank its contents, we might look with compassion on the wickedness of great men: But alas! the storm which they raise, " beats " heaviest on the exposed innocent," and the cottage of the poor man is stripped of *every* comfort, before the Oppressors, who send forth the mandate of death, are amerced of *one* Luxury, or *one* Vice. If calamities succeed each other in a long series, they deprecate the anger of Heaven by a FAST; which word (being interpreted) seems to signify—Prayers of Hate to the God of Love, and then a turbot feast to the rich, and their usual scanty meal to the poor, if indeed, debarred from their usual labor, they can procure even this! But if the cause be crowned by victory,

——" They o'er the ravaged earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad Hymns of Triumph—Hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works,
Hymns to the father o'er his slaughter'd son."

See CONCIONES AD POPULUM, or, Addresses to the People, by S. T. COLERIDGE.

" The all-creating Parent to destroy
" The works he made. Proud tyranny to Man,
" To God foul insult! Mortify your pride;
" Be clad in sackcloth when the conqueror's car
" Rolls o'er the field of blood.---Believe me, King,
" If thou didst know the untold misery
" When from the bosom of domestic Love
" But one---one victim goes! if that thine heart
" Be human, it would bleed!"
Her heart was full,
And, pausing for a moment, she repress'd
The unbidden anguish. " Lo! they croud around
" The standard! Thou Dunois the chosen troops
" Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn
" We march to rescue Orleans from the foe."

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Maid receives a consecrated Banner from the Archbishop. The troops under the command of JOAN and Dunois march towards Orleans. They meet with one of the female outcasts from that City. Her history previous to taking refuge there. Preparations for the ensuing siege. Encampment of the besiegers. Their progress, and the subsequent distresses of Orleans.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

SCARCE had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curl'd along
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch
Started the martial Maid. She mail'd her limbs ;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head ;
She girt the temper'd falchion by her side,
And, like some youth that from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth.
Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their well-sharp'd spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them towered Dunois. His manly face

Dark-

Dark-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.
The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,
And at the gate the aged Primate stood
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard; and chaunting high the hallow'd hymn
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands,
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardor for the fight,
Thrill'd thro' the troops, as he the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heav'n-ward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it.
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth,
As rising from the ground, on her white brow,
She placed the plumed casque, and waved on high

The banner'd lillies. On their way they march,
And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.
The third sun,
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering; when embosom'd in the depth
Of that vast forest, whose prodigious track
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale,
The streamers wanton; and, ascending slow
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,
With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke
Melts in the impurpled air: leaving her tent,
The martial Maiden wander'd thro' the wood.
There, by a streamlet, on its mossy bank
Reclined, she saw a damsel: her long locks
Engarlanded, and as she nearer came,
The Virgin knew it for the willow weed.
Resting

Line 38. The foreſt of Orleans contains even now fourteen thousand acres of various kinds of wood.

Resting his head upon her lap, there lay
A dark-hair'd man, listening as she did sing
Sad ditties, and enwreathe to bind his brow
The melancholy rue. Scar'd at the sound
Of one in arms approaching, she had fled;
But Conrade, looking upward, recogniz'd
The Maid of Arc. "Fear not, poor Isabel,"
He said, "for this is one of gentle kind,
Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand,
And held it to his bosom. "My fond heart,
"Tho' school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
"Beats high, a rebel to its own resolves.
"Come hither outcast One! and call her friend,
"And she shall be thy friend more readily
"Because thou art unhappy."
Isabel
Saw a tear starting in the Virgin's eye,
And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,
Wailing his wilder'd senses.

"Mission'd

" Mission'd Maid!"
The warrior cried, " be happy! for thy power
" Can make this wanderer so. From Orleans driven,
" Orphan'd by war, and torn away from one
" Her only friend, I found her in the wilds,
" Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, *JOAN*,
" Wilt his beloved to the youth restore.
" And, trust me Maid! the miserable feel
" When they on others bestow happiness
" High joys and soul-ennobling."
She replied,
Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone
Of equal friendship, solacing her cares.
" Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid;
" A few hours in her dream of victory
" England shall triumph; then to be awak'd
" By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath!
" Irksome meantime the busy camp to me
" A solitary woman. Isabel,
" Wert thou the while companion of my tent,

" Lightly the time would pass. Return with me,
" I may not long be absent."
So she spake.
The Wanderer in half-uttered words express'd
Grateful assent. Art thou, astonish'd Maid,
" That one tho' pow'rful is benevolent?
" In truth thou well mayest wonder!" Conrade cried.
" But little cause to love the mighty ones
" Has the low cottager! for with its shade
" Does POWER, a barren death-dew-dropping tree,
" Blast ev'ry herb beneath its baleful boughs!
" Tell thou thy sufferings Isabel! Relate
" How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.
" The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes,
" And pleasant to my ear the twice-told tale
" Of sorrow."
Gazing on the martial Maid
She read her wish and spake. " Of lowly line
" Not distant far from Jenville, dwelt my sire.
" Two brethren form'd our family of love.
" Humble

" Humble we were, but happy. Honest toil
" Procur'd our homely sustenance. Our herds
" Duly at morn and evening to my hand
" Gave their full stores. The vineyard he had rear'd
" Purpled its clusters in the ſouthern ſun;
" And plenteous produce of my father's toil
" The yellow harvest billowed o'er the plain.
" We were content and envied not the great;
" We fear'd them not, for we were innocent.
" How chearful seated round the blazing hearth
" When all the labour of the day was done,
" We past the ev'ning hours! for they would sing
" Or chearful roundelay, or ditty sad
" Of maid forsaken and the willow weed,
" Or of the doughty Douzeperes of France,
" Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
" Humm'd not unpleasing round!"

" Thus long we lived,
" And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand
" In holy wedlock soon to be combin'd

" Was

" Was plighted. My poor Francis!" Here she paus'd,
" And here she wept awhile.
" We did not dream
" The desolating sword of War would stoop
" To us. But soon as with the whirlwind's speed
" Ruin rush'd round us. Mehun, Clery, fell,
" The banner'd Lion waved on Gergeau's wall,
" Baugenci yielded: soon the foe approach'd
" The towers of Jenville."
" Fatal was the hour
" To luckless Isabel. For from the wall
" The rusty sword was taken, and the shield
" That long had mouldered on the mouldering nail,
" To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard
" The ballad, or the merry roundelay.
" The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file
" Harsh

Line 129. " To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Mehun, Bangenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October." RAPIN.

" Harsh sounded thro' the day a dismal din.
" I never shall forget their mournful sound!

" My father stood encircling his old limbs
" In long forgotten arms. " Come boys," he cried,
" I did not think that this grey head again
" Should bear the helmet's weight! but in the field
" Better to boldly die a soldier's death,
" Than here be tamely butcher'd. My dear girl,
" Go to the Abbey. Here is gold to buy
" The kind protection of the holy church.
" Fare thee well Isabel! if we survive
" And conquer, we shall meet again: if not,
" There is a better world!"

" In broken words
" Lifting his looks to Heav'n! my father breath'd
" His blessing on me. As they strode away,
" My brethren gazed on me and prest my hand
" In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel.
" From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.

" Then

" Then did I look on our forsaken home,
" And almost sob my very soul away!
" For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
" Like a vain dream!"
" Perish these mighty ones,"
" Cried Conrade, " these prime ministers of death,
" Who stalk elated o'er their fields of fame,
" And count the thousands they have massacred,
" And with the bodies of the innocent, rear
" Their pyramid of glory! Perish these,
" The epitome of all the pestilent plagues
" That Egypt knew! who pour their locust swarms
" O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.
" FEAR and DESTRUCTION go before their path,
" And FAMINE dogs their footsteps. God of Justice,
" Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain!"

Thus whilst he spake the murmur of the camp
Rose on their ear. First like the distant sound
When the full-foliaged forest to the storm

Shakes

Shakes its hoarse head. Anon with louder din;
And thro' the opening glade gleamed many a fire.
The Virgin's tent they enter'd. There the board
Was spread. The Wanderer, of the fare partook,
Then thus her tale renew'd.

" Slow o'er the hill
" Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I past,
" Yet on my journey paus'd awhile, and gaz'd,
" And wept---for often had I crost the hill
" With chearful step, and seen the rising smoke
" Of hospitable fire. Alas! no smoke
" Curl'd o'er the melancholy chimneys now.
" Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood
" The Abbey---and ere long I learnt the fall
" Of Jenville.

" On a day, a soldier ask'd
" For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet
" Support me. It was Francis, and alone---
" The sole survivor of the fatal fight!

" And

" And soon the foes approach'd. Impending War
" Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs
" Assemble. Gallant D'Orval shines in arms,
" And Xaintrailles ransom'd from the captive chain.
" Graville, La Hire, and Thouars, and preserv'd
" When fall'n and faint, Alencon on the field;
" Verneuil to France so fatal, and releas'd,
" La Fayette from his hard captivity,
" Boussac, Chabannes, and over all renown'd
" The Bastard Orleans.
" These within the town
" Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men
" Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield
" Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight
" Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd
" Along

Line 193. " The French King used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The Lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were determined to make the most obstinate resistance: and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified, in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene; where, it was reasonably supposed, the French were to make their last stand for maintaining the independance of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereign." HUME.

" Along the pleasant borders of the Loire,
" Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
" Of Ruin. These preventive Care destroys,
" Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,
" Securely should approach. The monasteries
" Fell in the general waste. The holy Monks
" Unwillingly their long-accustom'd haunts
" Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
" Call'd to awakened Memory some trace
" Of vision seen, or sound miraculous.
" Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells
" For the rude uproar of a world unknown,
" The Nuns desert. Their Abbess, more composed,
" Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,
" And pours the timid prayer of piety.
" The citizens with strong and ceaseless stroke
" Dug up the violated earth, to impede

Line 208. " They pulled down all the most considerable buildings in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and several monasteries; that the English might not make use of them in carrying on the siege." RAPIN. MONSTRELLET.

" The foe. The hollow chambers of the dead
" Echoed beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb
" Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give
" The death it late recorded. It was sad
" To see so wide a waste; the aged ones
" Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went
" O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years;
" The stern and sullen silence of the men
" Musing on vengeance: and but ill represt
" The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd
" Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
" One ample ruin; the huge stones remov'd,
" Wait in the town to rain the storm of death.

" And now without the walls the desolate plain
" Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste.
" With uptorn pavements and foundations deep
" Of many a ruined dwelling---horrid scene!
" Nor was within less drear. At evening hour
" No more the merry tabor's note was heard,

" No

" No more the aged matron at her door
" Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd
" Her children dancing to the roundelay.
" It was a hurried, melancholy scene!
" The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,
" Survey them with the prying eye of fear.
" The eager youth in dreadful preparation
" Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern
" They urge with fearful haste their gloomy work.
" All day the armourer's busy beat was heard,
" All night it sounded. In the city dwelt
" Such a dead silence of all pleasant sounds,
" As in the forest when the lowering clouds
" Meet, and the deep and hollow wind is heard
" That omens tempest: trembles to its voice
" The grove, and casts a darker gloom around.

" At length the foe approach. The watchman sounds
" His dreadful warning. From the lofty tower
" Of old cathedral I beheld the scene.

" Trembling

" Trembling as when upon some little rock
" Islanded from the not-far-distant shore,
" The shipwreck'd seamen difficultly escap'd
" Stands, and beholds the tide fast rising round.

" With standards proudly waving to the breeze,
" Onward they move. The clarions breathe aloud
" Their martial clangor, and the chearful fife,
" According to the thundering drum's deep sound,
" Directs their measur'd march. Before the ranks
" Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge
" Of France; and Talbot towered by his side,
" Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child
" Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.
" Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,
" And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight.
" Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,
" That big with ruin chills the blacken'd vale;
" A countless host! From the high tower I mark'd
" The dreadful scene.---I saw the iron blaze

" Of

" Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun,
" Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,
" And---fearful music---heard upon the wind
" The modulated step of multitudes.

" There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
" The dreadful stores of death. Tremendous roll'd
" Over rough roads the harsh wheels. The brazen tubes
" Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far,
" And last the loaded waggons creak'd along.
" An awful scene! that chill'd me as I gaz'd.
" Thus from the black womb of the mutinous sky,
" When the red lightning rushes, and illumes
" With lurid light the cloud-clad hemisphere,
" The traveller speeds across the plain, yet marks
" All fearful as he is, with strange delight,
" The forked flash.
" Meantime, a pensive train,
" The fearful Nuns in sad solemnity
" Pass to the temple. In this hour of ill,
" Earnest of soul they pray to Heav'n for aid."

And

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp
Well-order'd, enter'd. " One night more in peace
" England shall rest," he cried, " ere yet the storm
" Bursts on her guilty head! then their proud vaunts
" Forgotten or remember'd to their shame,
" Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour, when first
" They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."
" Of that siege,"
The Maid of Arc replied, " gladly I hear
" The detail. Isabel proceed; for soon
" Destin'd to rescue that devoted town,
" All that has chanced, the ills she has endur'd,
" I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel
" High satisfaction at the saviour power
" To me commission'd."
Thus the Virgin spake,
Nor Isabel delayed. " And now more near
" The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
" Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
" Anticipating conquest, rend the air
" With

" With universal uproar. From their camp
" A Herald comes. His garb emblazon'd o'er
" With British lions, and foul blot to France!
" The lilies from the field of Azincour
" In slaughter pluck'd. The summons of the foe
" He brought."
The Bastard interrupting cried,
" I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,
" When by his office privileged and proud
" That Herald spake, as certain of success
" As he had made a league with Victory."
" Nobles of France rebellious! from the chief
" Of yon victorious host, the mighty Earl
" Of Salisbury, now there in place of him
" Your Regent John of Bedford: in his name
" I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's,
" Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim,
" Incontrovertible to this good realm,
" By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
" By your late Monarch and our mighty King

" Fifth

" Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified
" At Troyes, wherein your Monarch did disclaim
" All future right and title to this crown,
" His own exempted, for his son and heirs
" Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
" At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot
" Of Henry and your Princess, yields the realm,
" Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son
" Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
" My master's title, in the face of God
" Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime
" Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst
" The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd,
" With loud acclaim from duteous multitude
" Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
" To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
" So shall your lives be safe. And---mark his grace!
" If

Line 342. " By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of the royal dignity and revenues. After his death the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The imbecillity of Charles was so great that he could not appear in public, so that the Queen and Burgundy swore for him." RAPIN.

" If of your free accord, to him you pay
" Due homage as your sovereign Lord and King,
" Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
" And you in favour stand, as is the Duke,
" Philip of Burgundy. But---mark me well---
" If obstinately wilful, you persist
" To scorn his proffer'd mercy; not one stone
" Upon another of this wretched town
" Shall then be left. And when the English host
" Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers
" Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
" Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.
" Ye men of France, remember Caen and Rouen!"

" He ceased. Nor Gaucour for a moment paus'd
" To form reply.
" Herald! to all thy vaunts
" Of English sovereignty let this suffice
" For answer: France will only own as King
" Him whom the people chuse. On Charles's brow

" Transmitted thro' a long and good descent
" The crown remains. We know no homage due
" To English robbers, and disclaim the peace
" Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men
" Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace
" Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes,
" We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Rouen.
" Go tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,
" That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power ;
" Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty,
" And triumph by enduring. Speak I well
" Ye men of Orleans?"

" Never did I hear
" A shout so universal as ensued
" Of approbation. The assembled host
" As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty,
" And struck their sounding shields. The towers of Orleans
" Echoed the loud uproar. The Herald went.
" The work of war began."

" A fearful scene,"

" Cried

Cried Isabel. " The iron storm of death
" Clash'd in the sky. From the strong engines hurl'd
" Huge rocks with tempest force convuls'd the air.
" Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
" The bellowing cannon's, and the soldier's shout,
" The female's shriek---the affrighted infant's cry :
" The groan of death.---Discord of dreadful sounds
" That jarr'd the soul !
" Nor while the encircling foe
" Leager'd the walls of Orleans, idly slept
" Our friends. For winning down the Loire its way
" The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
" And men, and all the artillery of death,
" Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
" These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.
" This to prevent, Salisbury their watchful chief,
" Prepares

Line 408. " The besiegers received succours in the very beginning of the siege ; but the Earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprize as a decisive action for the King his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the besieged of that advantage. He run up round the city sixty forts. How great soever this work might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he have pursued

" Prepares the amazing work. Around our walls,
" Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus
" The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,
" At equal distance, sixty forts protect
" The pile. But chief where in the sieged town
" The six great avenues meet in the midst,
" Six castles there he rear'd impregnable,
" With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,
" Where over the strong gate suspended hung
" The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye
" From his safe shelter could with ease survey
" Intended sally, or approaching aid,
" And point destruction.

" It were long to tell

" And

pursued his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him, that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with eafe introduce convoys into the place, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls." RAPIN.

" And tedious, how with many a bold assault
" The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes;
" How fell the Tournelles (where in time of peace
" Justice had held her seat), and that strong tower
" That shadowed from the bridge the subject Loire;
" Tho' numb'ring now three thousand daring men,
" Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd
" Their far out-numbring foes. From ev'ry aid
" Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath
" All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs
" Gave to the midnight dews free passage there.
" And ever and anon with hideous crash
" Some house fell; starting from his scanty rest
" The wearied soldier. Thro' the streets were seen
" The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
" Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.

" For

Line 425. " The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed." RAPIN.

" For ever the incessant storm of death
" Showers down, and shrouded in unwholesome vaults
" The wretched females hide, not idle there,
" Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,
" Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal,
" Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds:
" A sad equality of wretchedness!

" Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came!
" The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,
" Yielding so little a supply to life
" As but protracted death. The loathliest food
" Hunted with eager eye, and dainty deem'd.
" The dog is slain, that at his master's feet
" Howling with hunger lay. With jealous fear,
" Hating a rival's look, each man conceals
" His miserable meal. The famish'd babe
" Clings closely to his dying mother's breast;
" And---horrible to tell!---where, thrown aside
" There lay unburied in the open streets

" Huge

" Huge heaps of carcasses. The soldier stands
" Eager to seize the carrion crow for food.

" Oh peaceful scenes of childhood! pleasant fields!
" Haunts of my infancy, where I have stray'd
" Tracing the brook along its winding way,
" Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
" Chaced the gay butterfly from flower to flower!
" Oh days in vain remember'd! how my soul
" Sick with calamity, and the sore ills
" Of hunger, dwelt upon you! quiet home!
" Thinking of you amid the waste of war.
" I could in bitterness have curs'd the Great
" Who made me what I was! a helpless one,
" Orphan'd, and wanting bread!
" And be they curst,"
Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage;
" And be they curst! Oh groves and woodland shades,
" How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod
" Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrench'd

" By

" By everlasting Justice! come that hour
" When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord
" Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven,
" Gather ye to the supper of your God,
" That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men,
" Of Captains, and of Kings! " Then shall be peace
" When---Author of all ills that flesh endures,
" OPPRESSION, in the bottomless abyss
" Shall fall to rise no more!"
The Maid pursued,
" And now, lest all should perish, was decreed
" That from the town the females and the infirm
" Should, out-cast, seek their fate.
" I may not now
" Recall the moment, when on my poor Francis,
" With a long look I hung! At dead of night,
" Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,
" And glide adown the stream with silent oars:
" Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind.
" I wan-

Line 476. Revelations, chap, xix. 17. 18.

" I wandered reckless where, till wearied out
" And cold at heart, I laid me down to die:
" So by this warrior found. Him I had known
" And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known him.
" Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand
" Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence
" On perilous envoy. For of his small fare"---
" Of this enough," said Conrade, " Holy Maid!
" One duty yet awaits me to perform.
" Orleans her envoy sent me, claiming aid
" From her inactive sovereign. Willingly
" Did I atchieve the hazardous enterprize,
" For Rumour had already made me fear
" The ill that had fallen on me. It remains
" Ere I do banish me from human kind,
" That I re-enter Orleans, and announce
" Thy march. 'Tis night---and hark! how dead a silence!
" Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"

So saying Conrade from the tent went forth.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

Conrade on his way to Orleans releases a French soldier. He enters that city. Council of the leaders. Their determination. Summons of the Maid to the English Generals. They receive it with scorn. The Maid attacks, defeats them, and enters Orleans in triumph at midnight, amid thunder and lightning.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadowed the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld
The day go down upon their merriment:
No song of Peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitched---and there the centinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream.
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,

Murmuring

Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet
Alarm'd him. Nearer drew the fearful sound
As of pursuit---anon---the clash of arms!
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud
The moon beams shone, where two with combined force
Prest on a single foe: he, warding still
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight,
As he would make the city. Conrade shook
His long lance for the war, and strode along.
Full in the breast of one with forceful arm
Plunged he the spear of death; and as, dismayed
By his fellow's fall, the other turn'd to fly,
Hurl'd the red weapon reeking from the wound,
And fix'd him to the plain. "Now haste we on,
"Frenchman!" he cried. On to the stream they speed,
And plunging stemm'd with sinewy stroke the tide.
Soon on the opposite shore arrived and safe.

"Whence comest thou?" cried the Chief; "on what high charge
"Commission'd?"

"Is

" Is it not the voice of Conrade?"
Francis exclaim'd; " and dost thou bring to us
" Tidings of speedy aid? oh! had it come
" A few hours earlier! Isabel is gone!"

" Nay she is safe," cried Conrade, " her I found
" When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd
" To the protection of that holy Maid,
" The delegate of Heaven. One evening more
" And thou shalt have thine Isabel. Now say,
" Wherefore alone? A fugitive from Orleans,
" Or sent on dangerous service from the town?"

" There is no food in Orleans," he replied,
" Scarce a meal more! the assembled chiefs resolved
" If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid
" To cut their way to safety, or by death
" Prevent the pang of famine. One they sought
" Who venturous in the English camp should spy
" Where safest they might rush upon the foe.

" The perilous task I chose, then desperate
" Of happiness."
So saying, they approach'd
The gate. The centinel, soon as he heard
Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
He draws the strong bolts back, and painful turns
The massy entrance. To the careful chiefs
They pass. At midnight of their extreme state
Counselling they sat, serious and stern. To them
Conrade.
" Assembled Warriors! sent from God
" There is a holy Maid by miracles
" Made manifest. Twelve hundred chosen men
" Follow her hallowed standard. These Dunois,
" The strength of France, arrays. With the next noon
" Ye shall behold their march."
Astonishment
Seized the convened Chiefs, and joy by doubt
Little repress'd. " Open the granaries!"
Xaintrailles

Xaintrailles exclaim'd. " Give we to all the host
" With hand unsparing now the plenteous meal ;
" To-morrow we are safe. For Heaven all just
" Has seen our sufferings and decreed their end.
" Let the glad tidings echo thro' the town !
" God is with us !"
" Rest not in too full faith,"
D'Orval replied, " on this miraculous aid.
" Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,
" Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous
" With her own madness ! That Dunois is there,
" Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,
" Cheers me: yet let not we our little food
" Be lavish'd, lest the warrior in the fight
" Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey
" Of England !"
" Chief ! I tell thee," Conrade cried,
" I did myself behold the marble tomb
" Burst, to the holy Maid disclosing arms
" Held in the grave inviolate for her.

" She

" She is the Delegate of the Most High,
" And shall deliver Orleans !"
Gaucour then,
" Be it as thou hast said. High hope I feel,
" For to no vulgar tale would Conrade yield
" Belief, or he the Bastard. Our small stores
" Must yield us, ere another week elapse,
" To death or England. Tell thro' all our troops
" There is a holy Virgin sent from God ;
" They in that faith invincible shall war
" With more than mortal fury."
Thus the Chief,
And what he said seem'd good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band,
To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt
As when the Mexicans, with eager eye
" Gazing

Line 98. " It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla was believed an omen of their safety.

See the HISTORY of MEXICO, by the ABBE CLAVIGERO.

Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,
On that last night, doubtful if ever morn
Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire,
That kindled by the fierce Copolcan priest,
Flames on the breast of some brave prisoner,
A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers,
Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flash'd far,
Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy
Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears
The mantling aloe from the female's face,
And children, now deliver'd from the dread
Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

Thus whilst in that besieged town the night
Wain'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host.
And now the morning came. From his hard couch,
Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,

The

The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they march.
And now the sun shot from the southern sky
His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and mark the distant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a streamer wantoning in air.
These as they saw and thought of all the ills
Their brethren had endured beleager'd there
For many a month; such ardor for the fight
Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
When to the assembled tribe Mohammed spake,
Asking for one his Vizier. Fierce in faith,
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
"Prophet of God! lo---I will be the man!"
Nor did not Ali merit that high post,
Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls
Of Chaibar, then when cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasp'd the massy gate,

Shook

Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air---portentous shield!

" Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois.
" Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
" Of yore, at close of day the rustic band
" Danced to the roundelay. In younger years
" As oft I glided down the silver stream,
" Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus'd
" List'ning the sound of far-off merriment.
" There wave the English banners! martial Maid,
" Give thou the signal---let me rush upon
" These ministers of murder, who have sack'd
" The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts
" Silent---or hearing but the widow's groan.
" Give thou the signal Maiden!"
Her dark eye
Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him. " Ere the bloody sword be drawn,
" Ere slaughter be let loose---befits us send
" Some

" Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
" The will of Heaven. So timely warn'd, our foes
" Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
" Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad
" When even one man is murder'd."
So she said,
And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
Advanced. " I will be thy Messenger,
" Maiden of God! I to the English camp
" Will bear thy bidding."
" Go," the Virgin cried,
" Say to the Chief of Salisbury, and the host
" Attending---Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
" Invaders of the country---say, thus says
" THE MAID OF ORLEANS. " With your troops retire
" In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
" Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
" Your native England; for the God of Hosts
" Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
" By long descent and voluntary choice,

" Of duteous subjects hath the Lord assign'd
" His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes
" Arm'd with his sword---yet not of mercy void.
" Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
" Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
" The holy banner." To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode.
At mid-day meal,
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British Chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the centinel
Conducted came the Frank.
" Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
" Salisbury, and ye the representatives
" Of the English King, usurper of this realm,
" To ye the leaders of the invading host
" I come, no welcome messenger. Thus says
" THE MAID OF ORLEANS. " With your troops retire
" In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
" Restore to Charles; so bloodless may you seek

" Your native England; for the God of Hosts
" Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
" By long descent and voluntary choice
" Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
" His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes,
" Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.
" Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
" Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
" The holy banner."
Wonder made a pause;
To this the laugh succeeds. " What!" Fastolffe cried,
" A woman warrior has your monarch sent
" To save devoted Orleans?" By the rood
" I thank his Grace. If she be young and fair
" No worthless prize my Lords. Go tell your Maid
" Joyful we wait her coming."
" Get thee gone,"
Sternly cried Talbot, " thou who think'st to scare
" With girlish phantasies the English host
" That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee hence,
" Insolent

" Insolent Herald! tell this frantic girl,
" This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
" For if she dares the war, I will not stain
" My good-blood-rusted sword---but she shall meet
" The mockery of the camp."
" Nay, scare her not,"
Replied their Chief, " go tell this Maid of Orleans,
" That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
" Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
" Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself
" Will be her prison, and---"
" Contemptuous Man!
" No more," the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek
Rush'd the red anger. " Bearing words of peace
" And timely warning, came I to your camp,
" Here with rude mock'ry and stern insolence
" Received. Bear witness Chieftains! that the French,
" Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war."

So saying he departed. Thro' the tents

As

As him the centinel conducted, round
He gaz'd and cried; "Oh! I am sad to think
"So many men shall never see the sun
"Go down! Ye English mothers mourn ye now,
"Daughters of England weep! for hard of heart
"Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
"And for their folly and their wickedness,
"Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
"Widow'd and friendless, ye shall sit and weep,
"And, wanting bread, groan for the murdered ones
"In whom your joys were murdered!"
So he cried,
And they who heard him trembled. Thro' the host
Ran the strange tidings. For the fight they arm,
Eager for war no longer, nor of blood
Greedy, but palsied by religious dread.
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
Even from themselves; some of the coming fray
Murmuring in hints half heard, tho' understood;
Some deadly pale and ominous of death,
Silently

Silently stood and breath'd the inward prayer.

Meantime the Herald had with hasty steps
Rejoin'd the hallowed troops. " Maiden of God!
" Vainly I proffer'd peace to the proud chiefs:
" Their hearts are hardened."
Thro' the marshall'd band
Ran the loud cry, " Lead, lead us to the foe!"
The mission'd Maid exclaim'd, " Not upon us,
" Not upon us, cry out the innocent blood!"
Given was the signal now; and now were heard
The clarion's clangor, and the trumpet's blast,
Soul-rousing sounds. Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.
Then man met man---then on the batter'd shield
Rung the loud lance, and thro' the darken'd sky
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amidst his foes
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible
The strokes of death; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight; the Maid, tho' all unus'd

To

To the rude conflict, now inspir'd by Heaven,
Flashing her flamy falchion thro' the troops,
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scattered the trembling ranks. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth
And smote his army, when the Assyrian King,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
Blasphem'd the God of Israel.
Yet the fight
Hung doubtful, where exampling hardiest deeds,
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
And wontless valour, rages round the field
Dreadful in fury; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith

Of Heaven's assistance firm.

The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepar'd, and confident of victory,
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhal'd
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks;
Impatient now for many an ill endur'd
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;
The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun,
Now lost in blood their radiance.

O'er the host
Howl'd the deep wind that ominous of storms
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd

The ponderous battle axe; the groan of death
Commingling frequent with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of Fear.
Amid the fight
SLAUGHTER exultant rides. His giant limbs
Bestride the whirlwind, and his red right arm
Arrowed the lightning. Frantic FURY howls
Amid the thickest ranks, and from her torch
Tartarean flashes shook, and loud was heard
HORROR's dread shriek amid the wild uproar.

Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It shot miraculous splendor. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled. With such fear
Possessed, as when the combined host beheld
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,

From

From Baal-gad to Halak, and their Kings,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled
From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; tho' Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolffe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout
Mingles, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest. Deeper grew the storm,
And Darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death.

Nor in the camp
Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast following numbers who partake
The death they give. As rushing from the snows
Of winter liquified, the torrent tide

Resistless down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arrived, with deaf'ning clamor down it falls:
Thus borne along, the affrighted English troops
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves
That to the passing lightning as they broke
Gleam'd horrible.
Nor of the host so late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,
And swoln with confidence, had now escap'd
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he mov'd unwilling from the war,
What most might profit the defeated ranks,
Pondered. He reaching safe the massy fort
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up
The guiding fire. Not unobserved it blaz'd;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond

Call'd

Call'd London, light the beacon. Nor aloft
Did they not flame from every smaller fort,
That firm entrenched with walls and deep-delved moats
Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain
They cast a lurid splendor; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
Wand'ring with parched feet o'er the Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern; he for many a league
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved
With tempest swell the desart billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.
Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent thro' the sky
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
Tho' safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl
Hears

Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
Escap'd, of some tall tree the topmost branch
He grasps close-clinging, still of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
On his cold quiv'ring limbs.
Nor now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance urges the pursuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound;
A pleasant music to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice
The French, tho' eager on the invaders' heads
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town
Unwilling had remained, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held
That rais'd aloft amid the midnight storm,
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced---
Deep thro' the sky the hollow thunders roll'd---
Innocuous

Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreath'd their red radiance.
Thro' the open'd gate
Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard
The shout of exultation, and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
Possess'd; as when from Bactria late subdued,
The Macedonian Madman led his troops
Amid the Sogdian desart, where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves.
Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed;
Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapors, heart subdued and faint;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound! for thence was seen
The evening sun silvering the tide below,
Where Oxus roll'd along.
Clamors of joy
Echo along the street of Orleans, wont
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,

The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high heap'd carcasses, whence scar'd away
From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.
In the English forts,
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steals in the stragling fugitive; as when,
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun; with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

ARGUMENT.

Description of the English forts. The French troops attack and capture the forts of St. Loup and St. John. Attack of Fort London. Salisbury encounters the Maid. Event of that encounter. The Tournelles surrounded by the French, who dispatch a troop to Orleans for provisions, and encamp before it for the night.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

STRONG were the English forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, what time, elate
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise
The amazing pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls
Stretch'd the wide circle, massy as the fence
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia rais'd, for, soul-enslaved
Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who rush'd from Morven down.
Strong battlements
Crested the mighty bulwark; on whose top
Secure the charioteer might wheel along.

From

From base declining; at just distance rose
The frequent buttress, and thrice twenty forts
Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads,
All firm and massy. But of these most firm
As tho' of some large castle each the Keep
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequall'd strength---tho' now deem'd weak
'Gainst puissance more than mortal, and the flames
Shot from celestial banner. Safely hence
The skilful archer entering with his eye
The city, might himself the while unseen,
Thro' the long opening, shower his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat
Circling the pile, a bulwark vast, as what
Round their disheartened camp and stranded ships
The Greeks uprear'd, a common sepulchre
Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-place
Of many a Chief, when Priam's patriot son
Rush'd in his wrath and scattered their pale tribes.

But cowering now amid their sheltering forts
Tremble the English host. Their leaders care
In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
Assault expected. Nor the Maid's intent
Did he not rightly areed: tho' vain the attempt
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
Of valour; for by prodigies unmann'd
They wait the morning, or in silent dread,
Or pouring out their fears in many a prayer.

The morning came. The martial Maid arose.
Lovely in arms she moved. Around the gate
Eager again for conquest throng the troops.
High towered the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield,
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
Hung on his sinewy arm.
"Maiden of Arc,
"Hail!" so to her approaching, cried the Chief.
"Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words

"And

" And miracles attested when dismayed
" The stern Theologists forgot their doubts,
" So in the field of slaughter now confirm'd.
" Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
" And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.
" Yet must they fall."
" And fall they shall!" replied
The Maid of Orleans. " Ere the sun be set
" The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
" Triumphant.---Men of France! ye have fought well
" On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
" Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls.
" Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
" The Shepherd---the Great Shepherd is arisen!
" Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
" His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
" By words to waken wrath within your breasts.
" Look round. Your holy buildings and your homes---
" Ruins that choke the way! your populous town---
" One open sepulchre! who is there here
" That

" That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
" A parent famish'd---or his dear loved wife
" Torn from his bosom---outcast---broken-hearted---
" Cast on the mercy of mankind?"

She ceased.

The cry of indignation from the host
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oft subdued
By adverse fortune to the captive chain,
Still more tremendous to the enemy,
Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erst from earth
Antæus vaunting in his giant bulk,
When grasp't by force Herculean, down he fell
Vanquisht; anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gaucour o'er one presides. The steady friend
Of him imprison'd Orleans. Of his town
Beloved guardian, he the dreadful siege

Firmly

Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan
Irruption, and with youthful vigor swift
To lead the battle, from his soldiers love
Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear
Forced from the heart reluctant.
The third band
Alencon leads. He on the fatal field
Verneuil when Buchan and the Douglas died,
Fell senseless. Guiltless he of that day's loss,
Wore undisgraced awhile the captive chain.
The Monarch him grateful to his high rank
Had ransom'd, once again to meet the foe
With better fortune.
O'er the last presides
Dunois the Bastard, mighty in the war.
His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame
Confess'd, since when before his stripling arm
Fled Warwick---Warwick that King-making Chief,
In after days the arbiter of England,
Who, bearing on his sword her diadem,

Gave

Gave or bereft at will. Yet by Dunois
Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.
And by his side the Martial Maiden pass'd,
Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy
Parthenopæus, when the war of beasts
Disdaining, he to murder man rush'd forth,
Bearing the bow, and those Dictæan shafts
Diana gave, when she the youth's fair form
Saw softened, and forgave the mother's fault.

Saint Loup's strong fort stood first. Oe'r this commands,
Nobled by valour, Gladdisdale; and here
The heir of Poyning's name, and Molyns lead
The fearful garrison.
As lowering clouds
Swept by the hoarse wind o'er the blacken'd plain,
Mov'd on the host of France: they from the fort,

Line 122. Neque enim solis excussa lacertis
Lancea, sed tenso balistæ turbine rapta,
Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit;
Sed pandens perque arma viam, perque ossa, relicta
Morte fugit: superest telo post vulnera cursus. LUCAN. III.

Thro' secret opening, shower their pointed shafts,
Or from the battlements the death-tipt spear
Hurl fierce. Nor from the strong arm only launch'd
The javelin fled, but driven by the strained force
Of the balista, in one carcass spent
Stay'd not; thro' arms and men it makes its way,
And leaving death behind, still holds its course
By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
Right onward they advanced, and soon the shafts,
Impell'd by that strong stroke beyond the host
Wasting their force, fell harmless. Now they reach'd
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms
The Knights of England stood. There Poynings shook
His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace

For

Line 132. The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the ditch, surrounded by strong pallisades, and sometimes by a low embattled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stadia, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of trenches, but began their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the Knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them, the weight of their armour preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the Knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place.

GROSE.

For the death-blow prepar'd. Alencon here,
And here the Bastard strode, and by the Maid
That daring man who to the English host
Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,
Bore her bold bidding. A rude coat of mail
Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line
Arm'd him, tho' here amid the high-born chiefs
Præeminent for prowess. On his head
A black plume shadowed the rude-featur'd helm.
Then was the war of men, when front to front
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
Where the bold Frenchman's upward-driven spear,
Might pierce the foe. Then rang along the lists
The clash of battle. As Alencon moved

On

Line 141. In France only persons of a certain estate, called *un fief de hauber*, were permitted to wear a hauberk, which was the armor of a Knight. Esquires might only wear a simple coat of mail without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic distinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would only have been ridiculous. In the enlightened and free States of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wreath was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. To use the words of Dr. Gillies, "the miserable peasants of modern Europe are exposed *without defence as without remorse*, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have stiled tyrants."

Line 143. The burgonet, which represented the shape of the head and features.

On his crown-crested helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd
Astounded. Soon recovering, his keen lance
Thrust on the warrior's shield. There fast-infix'd,
Nor could Alencon the deep-driven spear
Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt
Fell full. It shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought
The spear of Poynings, thro' his plated mail
Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath
Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear;
At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
The unharming stroke, and aims with better fate
His javelin. Thro' his sword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail. Hot from the streaming wound
Again the weapon fell, and in his breast
Even

Line 149. Earls and Dukes frequently wore their coronets on the crests of their helmets.
Line 159. A breast-plate was sometimes worn under the hauberk.

Even thro' the hauberk drove.

But there the war
Raged fiercest where the Martial Maiden moved
The minister of wrath. For thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.
And on her either side two warriors stood
Of unmatch'd prowess, still with eager eye
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes
Their deadly weapons, of themselves the while
Little regarding. One was that bold man
Who bade defiance to the English Chiefs.
Firmly he stood, untir'd and undismay'd,
Tho' on his burgonet the frequent spear
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,
Even like the porcupine when in his rage
Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,
Himself a quiver. And of loftier port
On the other hand towered Conrade. Firmly fenced,
A jazerent of double mail he wore,

Beneath

Beneath whose weight one but of common strength
Had sunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd,
Wielding a battle-axe ponderous and keen,
That gave no second stroke. For where it fell,
Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail
Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyn's head,
As at the Maid he aimed his javelin,
Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
The fragments. At their comrades death amaz'd,
And for a moment fearful shrunk the foes.
That instant Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements. There firm he stood,
Guarding ascent. The warrior Maid of Arc,
And he the partner of that battle's fame,
Followed, and soon the exulting cry of France
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft
The holy banner. Gladdisdale beheld,
And hasting from his well-defended post,
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid

He

He strode, on her resolved to wreak his rage,
With her to end the war. Nor did not *JOAN*
Read his stern purpose. Lifting up her shield
Prepar'd she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.
The English Chief came on; on high he rais'd
His mace, and all his might into one blow
Collected. As the Maiden rear'd her shield,
Before her rush'd the man of lowly line,
And on his buckler caught the mighty stroke,
And at that instant thro' the warrior's neck
Thrust the keen lance. Prone fell the English Knight.
Fast from the deadly wound the blood gush'd forth.
Then thro' the host contagious terror ran,
Their Chieftain slain. And lo! where on the wall
Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well
The son of Orleans stood, and swayed around
His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrades sprang,
And rais'd the shout of conquest. Then appall'd
The English fled; nor fled they unpursued,

For

For mingling with the foremost fugitives,
The gallant Conrade rush'd; and with the throng,
The Knights of France together o'er the bridge
Fast speeded. Nor the garrison within
Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,
For in the entrance of the fort the fight
Raged fiercely, and together thro' the gate
The vanquish'd English and their eager foes
Pass'd in the flying conflict.

Well I deem
And wisely did that daring Spaniard act
At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships
Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous Fear
Might still with wild and wistful eye look back.
For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops
In conquest sought their safety. Victors hence
At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans,
And by Otompan, on that bloody field
When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,
Fierce in vain valor on their ruffian foes.

There

There was a portal to the English fort
That opened on the wall; a speedier path
In peace affording, whence the charmed eye
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above, the garrison
Could wield no arms so certain to bestow
Equal destruction; of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them: then with lesser force
Their weapons fell: abandoned was the gate;
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens
Beheld the hallowed banner on the tower
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives
Mingled and waged the war: the combatants,

Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall
Precipitate.
But foremost of the French,
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along:
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort
Pass'd in the fight; nor did not then the Chief
What most might serve bethink him: firm he stood
In the portal, and one moment looking back
Lifted his loud voice: thrice the warrior cried,
Then to the war addrest him, now assail'd
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power
Threatened his single valor. He the while
Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash,
But of his own strength conscious, and the post
Friendly; for narrow was the portal way
To one alone fit passage, from above
O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet,
Whence death might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd; a massy burgonet, well tried
In many a hard-fought field, helming his head;
A buckler

A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,
Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the Chief
Could the English pour their numbers, for the way
By upward steps presented from the fort
Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
Tho' useless numbers were in that strait path,
Save by assault, unceasing to out-last
A single warrior, who at length must sink
Fatigued with conquering, by long victory
Vanquish'd.

There was amid the garrison
A fearless Knight who at Verneuil had fought,
And high renown for his bold chivalry
Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
The thronging English yield the foremost place.
He his keen javelin to transpierce the Frank
Hurl'd forceful: harmless in his shield it fix'd,
Advantaging the foe, for by his side
The battle-axe, an unfit weapon there,

He

He hung, and seized the spear; then in himself
Collected stood, and calm. Nor the English Knight
Remain'd unweapon'd: to have sped so ill,
Indignant, from behind he snatch'd a lance
And hurl'd with fiercer fury. Conrade lifts
The ponderous buckler. Thro' three iron folds
Pierced the keen point, there, innocent of ill
Unharming hung. He with forceful grasp,
Plucking the javelin forth, with mightier arm,
Launch'd on his foe. With wary bend, the foe
Shrunk from the flying death; yet not in vain
From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled:
Full on the corselet of a meaner man
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs,
With purer air distended, to the heart
Roll back their purged tide: from the deep wound
The red blood gush'd: prone on the steps he fell,
And in the strong convulsive grasp of death
Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name
Died the mean man; yet did he leave behind

One

One who did never say her daily prayers,
Of him forgetful; who to every tale
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door,
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,
Gaze on---then heart-sick turn to her poor babe,
And weep it fatherless!

The enraged Knight
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step
Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank,
Laying his javelin by, his battle-axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below
Rounded, the falchion struck; but impotent
To pierce its plated folds, more forceful driven,
Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke
Fell; the helm shivered; from his eyes the blood
Started; with blood the chambers of the brain

Were

Were fill'd; his breast-plate with convulsive throes,
Heaved as he fell; victorious, he the prize
At many a tournament had borne away
In the mimic war: happy, if so content
With bloodless glory, he had never left
The mansion of his sires.
Warn'd by his fall,
With a long pike at distance, the next foe
Thrust on the Frank. Then Conrade his sharp spear
Flung, and transfix'd him; seizing the fall'n pike
He in the portal stood, so well prepared
To greet who should assail. But terrified
The English stood, nor durst adventure now
Near that death-doing man. Amid their host
Was one who well could from the stubborn bow
Shower his sharp shafts: well skill'd in wood-craft he,
Even as the merry Outlaws who their haunts
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
The dew-drops sparkled to the rising-sun.

He

He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd
The feather'd dart---with force he drew the bow :
Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string :
Deep in his shield it hung : then Conrade rais'd
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,
Nor was the call unheard : the troops of France,
From St. Loup's captur'd fort along the wall
Haste to the portal ; cheering was the sound
Of their near footsteps to the Chief : he drew
His falchion forth, and down the steps he rush'd.
Then terror seized the English, for their foes
Swarm'd thro' the open portal, and the sword
Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
The injur'd Turnus swayed his angry arm,
Slaughtering the robber emigrants of Troy :
Nor with more fury thro' the streets of Paris
Rush'd he, the King of Sarza, Rodomont
Clad in his dragon mail.
Like some tall rock,
Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves

Waste

Waste their wild fury, stood the unshaken man;
Tho' round him prest his foemen, by Despair
Hearten'd. He, mowing thro' the throng his path,
Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haste
Where he should lead the way. A daring band
Followed the adventurous Chieftain: he moved on
Unterrified, amid the arrowy shower,
Tho' on his shield and helm the darts fell fast;
As the sear'd leaves that from the trembling tree
The autumnal whirlwind shakes.
Nor Conrade paus'd,
Still thro' the fierce fight urging on his way,
Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand
Seiz'd on the massy bolts. These as he drew,
Full on his helm the weighty English sword
Descended; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
When lo! the assailant gasping on the ground,
Cleft by the Maiden's falchion: she herself
To the foe opposing with that lowly man,
For they alone following the adventurous steps

Of

Of Conrade, still had equall'd his bold course,
Shielded him as with eager hand he drew
The bolts: the gate turn'd slow: forth leapt the Chief
And shivered with his battle-axe the chains
That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous troops,
By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory.

The banner'd lillies on the captur'd wall
Tossed to the wind. "On to the neighbouring fort!"
Cried Conrade, "Xaintrailles! ere the night draws on
"Once more to conquest lead the troops of France:
"Force ye the lists, and fill the deep-dug moat,
"And with the ram, shake down their batter'd walls.
"Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said;
Then to the Damsel, "Maid of Arc! awhile
"Cease we from battle, and by short repose
"Renew our strength." So saying he his helm
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near-flowing stream
Cleansed his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there

Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
Shudd'ring she saw, but soon her steady soul
Collected: on the banks she laid her down
Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
Quick panted from the fight: silent they lay,
For gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples.
It was now the noon:
The sun-beams on the gently-waving stream
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,
And softening sadly his stern face, exclaim'd,
" Maiden of Arc! at such an hour as this,
" Beneath the o'er-arching forest's checquer'd shade,
" With that lost woman have I wandered on,
" Talking of years of happiness to come!
" Oh hours for ever fled! delightful dreams
" Of the unsuspecting heart! I do believe
" If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd
" Her love, that tho' mine aching heart had nurst
" Its sorrows, I had never on her choice
" Pour'd

" Pour'd one upbraiding---but to stoop to him !
" A harlot !---an adulteress !"
In his eye
Red anger flash'd ; anon of what she was
Ere yet the foul pollution of the Court
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. " Oh happy age !"
He cried, " when all the family of man
" Freely enjoyed the goodly earth he gave,
" And only bow'd the knee in prayer to God !
" Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
" Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head, grew grey
" The hairs in full of time. Then he would sit
" Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilst round,
" Sons, grandsons, and their offspring join'd to form
" The blameless merriment ; and learnt of him
" What time to yoke the oxen to the plough,
" What hollow moanings of the western wind
" Foretel the storm, and in what lurid clouds
" The embryo lightning lies. Well-pleas'd, he taught,
" The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,

" Mild

" Mild as decaying light of summer sun.
" Thus calmly constant flowed the stream of life
" Till lost at length amid that shoreless sea,
" Eternity. Around the bed of death
" Gathered his numerous race---his last advice
" In sad attention heard---caught his last sigh---
" Then underneath the aged tree that grew
" With him, memorial planted at his birth,
" They delved the narrow house: there oft at eve
" Drew round their children of the after days,
" And pointing to the turf, told how he lived,
" And taught by his example how to die.

" Maiden! and such the evening of my days
" Fondly I hoped; but I shall be at rest
" Soon, in that better world of Peace and Love
" Where evil is not: in that better world
" *JOAN* we shall meet, and he too will be there,
" Thy Theodore."

Sooth'd by his words, the Maid

Had

Had listened sadly, till at that loved name
She wept. " Nay, Maid!" he cried, " I did not think
" To wake a tear; but pleasant is thy grief!
" Thou know'st not what it is, round thy warm heart
" To have a false one wreath in viper folds.
" But to the battle! in the clang of arms,
" We win forgetfulness."
Then from the bank
He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd
England's proud capital to the English host,
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white clifts
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Thro' every vein: already they turn back
Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,
Tho' Talbot there presided, with their Chief,
The gallant Salisbury.
" Soldiers fam'd in arms!"
Thus

Thus, in vain hope to renovate the strength
Of England, spake the Chief. " Victorious friends,
" So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,
" What---shrink ye now dismay'd? have ye forgot
" The plains of Azincour, when vanquish'd France
" Fled with her thousands from your father's arms,
" Tho' worn with sickness? or your own exploits,
" When on Verneuil, the flower of chivalry
" Fell by your daring prowess? when the Scot
" Bit the red earth in death, and Narbonne died,
" And the young boaster proud Alencon felt
" The weight of English fetters? then we broke
" The plated shield, and cleft the warrior's helm,
" For ever victors. On Baugenci's wall
" Ye placed the English flag; beneath your force
" Fell Jenville and Gergeau, the neighbouring towns
" Of well-nigh captur'd Orleans. I omit
" To speak of Caen subdued, and vanquish'd Rouen,
" And that late day when Clermont fled the fight,
" And the young Bastard of that prison'd Duke.

" Shame!

" Shame! shame! that beaten Boy is here in arms,
" And ye will fly before the fugitives;
" Fly from a woman! from a frenzied girl!
" That with her empty mummeries, would blast
" Your courage; or if miracles she brings,
" Aid of the Devil! who is there among you
" False to his country---to his former fame---
" To me---your leader to the frequent field,
" The field of glory?"
From the heartless host
A timid shout arose: then Talbot's cheek
Grew red with indignation. " Earl!" he cried,
Addressing him the Chief: " there is no hope
" From these white-liver'd dastards; and this fort
" Will fall an easy conquest: it were well
" To reach the Tournelles, better fortified,
" Fit to endure long siege: the hope in view
" To reach a safer fortress, these our troops
" Shall better dare the battle."
So he spake,
Wisely

Wisely advising. Him the Chief replied:
" Well hast thou said; and, Talbot, if our swords
" Could thro' the thickest ranks this Sorceress reach,
" The hopes of France were blasted. I have strove
" In many a field, yet never to a foe
" Stoop'd my proud crest: nor difficult to meet
" This wizard girl, for from the battlements,
" Her have I mark'd the foremost in attack,
" Playing right valiantly the soldier's part;
" Yet shall not all her witcheries avail
" To blunt my good sword's edge."
Thus communed they,
And thro' the host the gladdening tidings ran,
That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their hearts
Gathered new strength, placing on those strong walls
Dependence; empty hope! nor the strong wall,
Nor the deep moat can save, if Fear within
Palsy the soldier's arm.
Them issuing forth,
As from the river's banks they past along,

The

The Maid beheld! "Lo! Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
"The foes advance to meet us---look! they lower
"The bridge---and now they rush upon the troops:
"A gallant onset! Dost thou mark that man
"Who all the day has by our side endur'd
"The hottest conflict? I did then behold
"His force, and wonder: now his deeds of death
"Make all the actions of the former fight
"Seem as of no account: know'st thou the man?
"There is not one amid the host of France,
"Of fairer promise."
"He," the Chief replied,
"Wretched and prodigal of life atchieves
"The exploits of Despair: a gallant youth
"Widowed like me of Hope, and but for whom,
"I had been seen among mankind no more.
"Maiden! with me thy comrade in the war,
"His arm is vowed to Heaven. Lo! where he stands
"Bearing the battle's brunt in unmoved strength,
"Firm as the mountain round whose misty head,

The unharming tempest breaks!"
Nor paus'd they now
In farther converse, to the perilous fray
Speeding, not unobserved---them Salisbury saw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest Knights
And vow'd with them, against the Virgin's life
Bent their fierce course. She by that unknown man
Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm
The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
That hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,
And drench'd it in his bosom. On the front
Of one, his comrade, fell the battle-axe
Of him the dark-brow'd Chief: the ponderous blow
Shattered his brain. With Talbot's giant force
The daring Herald urged unequal fight;
For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roots
Mocks at the storm, the undaunted Earl endur'd
His rude assault. Warding with wary eye
The angry sword, the Frank around his foe
Wheels rapid, flashing his keen weapon fast;

Now

Now as he marks the Earl's descending stroke
Bending, anon more fierce in swift attack.
Ill-fated man! one deed of glory more
Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace
This thy death-day; for SLAUGHTER even now
Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his sword.

Upon her shield the Martial Maiden bore
An English warrior's blow, and in his side
Pierced him: that instant Salisbury speeds his sword
That glancing from her helm fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The Herald saw,
He saw her red blood gushing from the wound,
And turn'd from Talbot heedless of himself,
And lifting up his falchion, all his force
Concenter'd. On the breast of Salisbury
It fell, and pierced his mail, and thro' the plate
Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's-blood plunged.
Lo! as he struck the strength of Talbot came:

Full

Full on his treacherous helm he smote: it burst,
And the stern Earl against his fenceless head
Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. She saw---
She knew---she could not save---her THEODORE.

Conrade beheld, and from his vanquish'd foe
Strode terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the death-blow prepar'd
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk senseless; by his followers from the field
Conveyed with fearful speed: nor did his stroke
Fall vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Tho' weak to wound, for from his eyes the fire
Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confus'd,
Fear seized the English. Not with more dismay

When

When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.
" Dunois!" the Maiden cried,
" Form we around yon stronger pile the siege,
" There for the night encamping." So she said.
The Chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led
The host beleagering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the chearful bowl,
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

ARGUMENT.

Transactions of the night. Attack of the Tournelles. The garrison retreat to the tower on the bridge. Their total defeat there. Despondency of the English army. Their Chiefs counsel together and resolve on retreating. Nocturnal retreat of the English. Funeral of Theodore.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

NOW was the noon of night; and all was still
Save where the centinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillowed the helmed head: secure they slept,
And busy Fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday.

But not to *JOAN*,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
Soother of sorrows, Sleep! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,

Allow'd

Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands
And fixed eye she sat, the while around
The Spectres of the Days departed rose,
A melancholy train! that rock-roof'd cell
She call'd to mind where many a winter's day
With Theodore she mark'd the driving storm:
She call'd to mind the hours of merriment
When mingling in the dance with careless glee
She join'd the blithesome train: then her wild eye
Beheld him cold, and his blood-clotted face
In death distorted. O'er her shivering frame
The chill dews started, for upon the gale
The crow's hoarse croak was heard. Sudden she rose,
And passing thro' the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood.

The night was calm;
Fair as was ever on Chaldea's plain
When the pale moon-beams o'er the silvery scene
Shone cloudless, whilst the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise

Successive,

Successive, and successively decay;
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcasses;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yèt struggling in the pangs of death.
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fall'n,
Before fort London's gate; but vainly there
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face
Gazing with such a look as tho' she fear'd
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,
For there the victim of his vengeful arm,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
Gazing around the plain, she mark'd a man
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
O'ertaking, thus bespake: "Stranger! this weight
"Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away

"Some

" Some slaughter'd friend? or lives the sufferer
" With many a sore wound gash'd? oh if he lives!
" I will with earnest prayer petition Heaven
" To shed its healing on him!"
So she said,
And as she spake stretched forth her careful hands
To ease the burthen. " Warrior," he replied,
" Thanks for thy proffered succour: but this man
" Lives not, and I with unassisted arm
" Can bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell---
" The night is far advanced; thou to the camp
" Return: it fits not darkling thus to stray."

" Conrade!" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
His voice:---with that she fell upon his neck
And cried, " My Theodore! but wherefore thus
" Thro' the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse?"

" Peace, Maiden!" Conrade cried, " collect thy soul!
" He is but gone before thee to that world
" Whither

" Whither thou soon must follow! in the morn,
" Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went,
" He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
" Lo Conrade where she moves---beloved Maid!
" Devoted for the realm of France she goes
" Abandoning for this the joys of life!
" Yea---life itself!" yet on my heart her words
" Vibrate; if she must perish in the war,
" I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,
" Haply my arm had saved her. I shall go
" Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall,
" (And trust me I have little love of life,)
" Bear me in secret from the gory field,
" Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
" A mangled corse. She must not know my fate.
" Do this last act of friendship---in the flood
" Whelm me: so shall she think of Theodore
" Unanguish'd." Maiden, I did vow with him
" That I would dare the battle by thy side,
" And shield thee in the war. Thee of his death

" I hoped unknowing."

As the warrior spake,
He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid.
With fixed eye the wretched Maiden gazed
The life-left tenement. The dews of night
Were on his arms, and o'er the ghastly wound
Hung his brown hair gore-clotted. " Gallant youth!"
She cried, " I would to God the hour were come
" When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss!
" No, Theodore! the sport of winds and waves,
" Thy body shall not roll adown the stream
" The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me
" The corse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground
" To rest; the Priest shall say the sacred prayer,
" And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
" So shall not Elinor in bitterness
" Lament that no dear friend to her dead child
" Paid the last office."

From the earth they lift
The mournful burden, and along the plain

Pass

Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.
The obedient centinel at Conrade's voice
Admits the midnight travellers; on they pass,
Till in the neighbouring Abbey's porch arrived
They rest the lifeless load.
Loud rings the bell;
The awakened porter turns the heavy door.
To him the Virgin: "Father, from the slain
"On yonder reeking field a dear-loved friend
"I bring to holy sepulture: chaunt ye
"The requiem to his soul: to-morrow eve
"Will I return, and in the narrow house
"Behold him laid to rest." The father knew
"The mission'd Maid, and humbly bow'd assent.

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain,
Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
The Maid awakeing cried, "There was a time,
"When thinking on my closing hour of life,
"Tho' with resolved mind, some natural fears

" Shook the weak frame; now, the approaching hour,
" When my emancipated soul shall burst
" The cumberous fetters of mortality,
" Wishful I contemplate. Conrade! my friend,
" My wounded heart would feel another pang
" Should'st thou forsake me!"
" JOAN!" the Chief replied,
" Along the weary pilgrimage of life
" Together will we journey, and beguile
" The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes,
" We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields
" Vision'd before; then wish that we had reach'd
" The bower of rest!"
Thus communing they gain'd
The camp, yet hush'd in sleep; there separating,
Each in the post allotted, restless waits
The day-break.
Morning came: dim thro' the shade
The first rays glimmer; soon the brightening clouds
Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread

The

The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
Leap up invigorate, and each his food
Receives, impatient to renew the war.
Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points.
"Soldiers of France! your English foes are there!"

As when a band of hunters, round the den
Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate
In hope of conquest and the future feast;
(When on the hospitable board their spoil
Shall smoak, and they, as the rich bowl goes round,
Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase;)
They with their shouts of exultation make
The forest ring: so elevate of heart,
With such loud clamors for the fierce assault
The French prepare; nor, guarding now the lists
Durst the disheartened English man to man
Meet the close conflict. From the barbican,

Or

Line 158. Next the bayle was the ditch, foss, graff, or mote: generally where it could be a wet one, and pretty deep. The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work called a barbican. GROSE.

Or from the embattled wall they their yeugh bows
Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery
Discharged; nor did the Gallic archers cease
With well-directed shafts their loftier foes
To assail: behind the guardian pavais fenced,
They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle
Pass'd the bold troops with all their mangonels;
Or tortoises, beneath whose roofing safe,
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation, or their petraries,
War-wolfs, and Beugles, and that murderous sling
The Matafunda, whence the ponderous stone
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,
Shattering the frame so that no pious hand

Gathering

Line 163. The pavais, or pavache, was a large shield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missive weapons then in use. These were in sieges carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that perhaps which made the office of Scutifer honourable. The pavais was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above: it was sometimes supported by props. GROSE.

Gathering his mangled limbs might him convey
To where his fathers slept.
Nor indolent
Did the English troops lie trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the Chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place
Cheering the brave; or if the archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft,
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand
The Chief a cross-bow held; an engine dread
Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore

The

Line 185. The cross-bow was for some time laid aside in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran Council held in 1139. "Artem illam mortiferam et Deo odibilem ballistariorum adversus Christianos & Catholicos exercere de cætero sub anathemate prohibemus." This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I. who being slain with a Quarrel shot from one of them, at the siege of the Castle of Chaluz in Normandy, it was considered as a judgment from Heaven inflicted upon him for his impiety. Guilliaume le Bretons relating the death of this King, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos:

Hac volo, non aliâ Richardum morte perire
Ut qui Francigenis ballistæ primitus usum
Tradidit, ipse sui rem primitus experiatur,
Quemque alios docuit in se vim sentiat artis.

GROSE.

The assembled fathers of the Christian church
Pronounced that man accurs'd whose impious hand
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees
Befits the men of God to promulgate:
Them it befits to wash their hands of blood,
And with a warning voice, tho' haply vain,
To cry aloud and spare not! "Woe to them
"Whose hands are full of blood! Woe, saith the Lord,
"To them who fast for strife, that they may smite
"With the arm of wickedness."
An English King,
The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd
His fall by the keen quarrel; since that day
Frequent

Line 193. The fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah was the appointed lesson for our general fast in 1793. The tenor of the chapter is such as almost to prove an ironical intention in whoever selected it. "Behold, *ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness:* ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? *to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and* TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE." VERSES 4, 5, 6.

Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
To many a good Knight, bearing his death wound
From hands unknown. With such an instrument,
Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim.

On a Frank he fix'd
His gaze, who kneeling by the trebuchet,
Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidas
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strung his bow; then, bending on one knee,
He in the groove the feather'd quarrel plac'd
And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd---on its swift way the dart
Whizzed

Line 205. From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It acted by means of a great weight fastened to the short arm of a lever, which being let fall, raised the end of the long arm with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II. GROSE.

Line 209. Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's clasps
Defend the neck; a weak protection now,
For thro' the tube that the pure air inhales
Pierced the keen shaft; blood down the unwonted way
Gush'd to the lungs: prone fell the dying man
Grasping, convuls'd, the earth: a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair infants; in the city hem'd
During the hard siege; he had seen their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
For bread! his wife---a broken-hearted one---
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes
With hunger pined, and followed: he survived,
A miserable man! and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
As o'er the corse of his last little one
He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe

Perform'd

Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour,
Grief else had soon brought on.
The English Chief,
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
True to its aim, fled fatal: one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver; blood and mingled gall
Flow'd from the wound; and writhing with keen pangs,
Headlong he fell: he for the wintry hour
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
A man in his small circle well-beloved.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide
The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To press the full-swoln clusters: he, heart-glad,
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields; he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd,---in his gore
Now weltering.

Nor the Gallic host remit
Their eager efforts; some, the watry fence,
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, labouring so to gain
Firm footing: some the mangonels supply,
Or charging with huge stones the murdering sling,
Or petrary, or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged arrows. Hoarse around
Rose the confused din of multitudes.

Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave moved,
Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore;
The quiver rattled as he moved along.
He knew aright to aim the feather'd shafts,
Well-skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
O'ertaken in his flight. Him, passing on,
From some huge engine driven, a ponderous stone
Crush'd: on his breast-plate falling, the vast force,
Shattered the bone, and with his mangled lungs

The

The fragments mingled. On the sunny brow
Of a fair hill, wood-circled, stood his home,
A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken
Gaz'd o'er subjected distance, and surveyed
Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety!
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blazed for all
The friendly fire. By glory lur'd, the youth
Went forth; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's gore; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragments force, his mangled limbs
Lie quiv'ring.

Lo! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel
Four stages elevate. Above was hung,
Equalling the walls, a bridge; in the lower stage
The ponderous battering-ram: a troop within
Of archers, thro' the opening, shot their shafts.
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepar'd
To mount the rampart, for he loath'd the chase,

And loved to see the dappled foresters
Browze fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness,
Not meditating death: the bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the distant foe,
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His death-red battle-axe, and break the shield,
First in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, tho' the foe
Showered there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tipt dart
Shot lightening thro' the air. In vain it flam'd,
For well with many a reeking hide secured,
Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reach'd
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron-horned engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils, whilst they within who guide,

In backward step collecting all their strength,
Anon the massy beam with stronger arm
Drive full and fierce; so rolls the swelling sea
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base
Breaks the rough wave; the shiver'd surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence.
The Wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threats the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lowered from above
The bridge reclines. An universal shout
Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks
Clamor their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
For speedy succour there, with deafening shout
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din

The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, tho' amid the fall
Shattered, and dashing silvery from the rock.

Lo! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man
Conrade! the gathered foes along the wall
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
Cresting with armed men the battlements.
He, undismayed tho' on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin; the keen point
Pierced thro' the destined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breast: a wound that skilful care
Haply had heal'd; but, him disabled now
For farther service, the unpitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall
Thrust headlong.
Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
His deadly javelins fast, for well within
The tower was stor'd with weapons, to the Chief
Quickly supplied: nor did the mission'd Maid

Rest

Rest idle from the combat; she, secure
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires
Gains aptly: nor amid the numerous throng,
Tho' haply erring from their destin'd mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang: the Knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aim'd
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there,
So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast
As when the Monarch of the East goes forth
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
Die in the blameless warfare: closed within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts

Venturous,

Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.
The shout of terror rings along the wall,
For now the French their scaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless: from above the furious troops
Hurl down such weapons as inventive care,
Or frantic rage supplies: huge stones and beams
Crush the bold foe; some, thrust adown the height,
Fall living to their death; some in keen pangs
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws thro' their members, leap down desperate,
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
To the English was the fight, tho' from above
Easy to crush the assailants: them amidst
Fast fled the arrows; the large brass-wing'd darts,
There driven resistless from the espringal,

Keeping

Line 381. The espringal threw large darts called Muchettæ, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. These darts were also called Viretons, from their whirling abroad in the air.

Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
The heavier from its height: some, the long lance
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,
Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering roar
Convulsing air; the soldier's eager shout;
And Terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain
In dreadful harmony.

Meantime the Chief,
Who equall'd on the bridge the rampart's height,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made thro' the throng his passage: he advanced
In wary valor o'er his slaughtered foes,
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near,
Two youths, the boldest of the English host
Prest on to thrust him from that perilous height;
At once they rush'd upon him: he, his axe
Dropping, the dagger drew: one thro' the throat
He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,

Dash'd down his comrade. So, unmoved he stood,
The sire of Guendolen, that daring man,
Corineus; grappling with his monstrous foe,
He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore,
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
Him, hugest of the giant's, chronicling,
Hight Langoemagog.
The Maid of Arc
Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind unfurls
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight
A general shout of acclamation rose,
And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
Roars to the roaring wind; then terror seiz'd
The garrison; and fired anew with hope,
The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
And fire-brands: fearless in the escalade,
Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall

Wage

Wage equal battle.

Burning at the sight
With indignation, Glacidas beheld
His troops fly scattered; fast on every side
The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil;
The holy standard waving; and the Maid
Fierce in pursuit. "Speed but this arrow Heaven!"
The Chief exclaim'd, "and I shall fall content."
So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose,
And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
Levelling, let loose: her arm was rais'd on high
To smite a fugitive: he glanced aside,
Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd
The Chieftain's arrow: thro' his ribs it pass'd,
And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,
Thro' many a branching channel o'er the frame
Meanders.

"Fool!" the enraged Chief exclaim'd,
"Would she had slain thee! thou hast lived too long."
Again he aim'd his arbalist: the string

Struck

Struck forceful: swift the erring arrow sped
Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
Levelled his bow again; the fated shaft
Fled true, and difficultly thro' the mail
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
"She bleeds! she bleeds!" exulting cried the Chief;
"The Sorceress bleeds! nor all her hellish arts
"Can charm my arrows from their destined course."
Ill-fated Man! in vain with murderous hand
Placing thy feathered quarrel in its groove,
Dream'st thou of *JOAN* subdued! She from her neck
Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd,
"This is a favour! Frenchmen, let us on!
"Escape they cannot from the hand of God!"

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
Beheld the English Chieftain as he aim'd
Again the bow; with rapid step he strode;
Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive;

At

At him he drew the string: the powerless dart
Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came
And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe,
Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke
Deep-buried in his bosom: prone he fell---
The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Glacidas. His sires had lived in peace;
Wisely secluded from the jarring world
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread
The feast; their vassals loved them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died;
Exhausted Nature sinking slow to rest.
For them the venerable fathers pour'd
A requiem when they slept, and o'er them rais'd
The sculptur'd monument. Now far away
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race!
Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
The common grave.

And now their leader slain,

The

The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
Seeking the inner court, as hoping there
Again to dare the siege, and with their friends
Find present refuge. Ah! mistaken men!
The vanquish'd have no friends! defeated thus,
Prest by pursuit, in vain with eager voice
They call their comrades in the suppliant tones
Of pity now, now in the indignant phrase
Of fruitless anger: they indeed within
Fast from the ramparts on the victor troops
Hurl their keen javelins,---but the gate is barr'd---
The huge portcullis down!
Then terror seiz'd
Their hopeless hearts: some, furious in despair,
Turn on their foes; fear-palsied, some await
The coming death; some drop the useless sword
And cry for mercy.

Then

Line 478. On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer ballium, or bailey, separated from the inner ballium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

Then the Maid of Arc
Had pity on the vanquish'd; and she call'd
Aloud, and cried to all the host of France,
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed
The delegated damsel. Some there were
Apart that communed murmuring, and of these
D'Orval address'd her. "Mission'd Maid! our troops
"Are few in number; and to well secure
"These many prisoners such a force demands,
"As should we spare might shortly make us need
"The mercy we bestow: not mercy then,
"Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.
"Justice to them, to France, and to our King,
"And that regard wise Nature has in each
"Implanted of self-safety, all demand
"Their deaths."
"Foul fall such evil policy!"
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, Chief,
"GOD is with us! but GOD shall hide his face
"From him who sheds one drop of human blood

"In

" In calm cold-hearted wisdom---him who weighs
" The *right* and the *expedient*, and resolves,
" Just as the well-pois'd scale shall rise or fall.
" These men shall live---live to be happy Chief,
" And in the latest hour of life, shall bless
" Us who preserved. What is the Conqueror's name,
" Compar'd to this when the death hour shall come?
" To think that we have from the murderous sword
" Rescued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,
" Already with celestial eloquence,
" Plead for us to the All-just!"
Severe she spake,
Then turn'd to Conrade. " Thou from these our troops
" Appoint fit escort for the prisoners:
" I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,
" Misguided men, led from their little homes,
" The victims of the mighty! thus subdued
" They are our foes no longer: be they held
" Safely in Orleans. Thou chuse forth with speed
" One of known prudence, but whose heart is rich

" In

" In Heaven's most precious boon humanity,
" Their captain. From the war we may not spare
" Thy valor long."
She said: when Conrade cast
His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court
From man to man where Francis rush'd along,
Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.
" The Maid hath bade me chuse a leader forth
" To guard the captives: thou shalt be the man;
" For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,
" Yet not forgetting they are men, bereft
" Of all they love, and who may largely claim
" Thy pity."
Nor meantime the garrison
Ceas'd from the war; they, in the hour of need,
Abandoning their comrades to the sword,
A daring band, resolved to bide the siege
In desperate valor. Fast against the walls
The batteting-ram drove fierce: the enginery
Ply'd at the ramparts fast; the catapults

Drove there their dreadful darts; the war-wolfs there
Hurl'd their huge stones; and, by the pavais fenced,
The Knights of France sped there their well-aim'd shafts.

" Feel ye not, Comrades, how the ramparts shake
" Beneath the ponderous ram's unceasing stroke?"
Cried one, a venturous Englishman. " Our foes,
" In woman-like compassion, have dismissed
" A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves,
" And giving us fair hope, in equal field,
" Of better fortune. Sorely here annoyed,
" And slaughtered by their engines from afar,
" We perish. Vainly does the soldier boast
" Undaunted courage and the powerful arm,
" If thus pent up; like some wild beast he falls,
" Mark'd for the hunter's arrows: let us rush
" And meet them in the battle, man to man,
" Either to conquer, or, at least, to die
" A soldier's death."

" Nay nay---not so," replied

One

One of less daring valor. " Tho' they point
" Their engines here, our archers not in vain
" Speed their death-doing shafts. Let the strong walls
" First by the foe be won; 'twill then be time
" To meet them in the battle man to man,
" When these shall fail us."
Scarcely had he spoke,
When full upon his breast a ponderous stone
Fell fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,
All shattered. Horror the spectators seiz'd!
For as the dreadful weapon shivered him,
His blood besprinkled round, and they beheld
His mangled lungs lie quivering!
" Such the fate
" Of those who trust them to their walls defence."
Again exclaim'd the soldier: " thus they fall,
" Betrayed by their own fears. Courage alone
" Can save us."
Nor to draw them from the fort
Now needed eloquence; with one accord

They

They bade him lead to battle. Forth they rush'd
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,
Swoln by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm,
On the black hills of Cambria bursting, swells
The tide of desolation.
Then the Maid
Spake to the son of Orleans, " Let our troops
" Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit
" Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey."
Time was not for long counsel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks
Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes
Disheartened; they, with shouts and loud uproar,
Rush to their fancied conquest; *JOAN*, the while
Placing a small but gallant garrison,
Bade them secure the gates: then forth she rush'd,
With such fierce onset charging on their rear,
That terror smote the English, and they wish'd
Again that they might hide them in their walls

Rashly

Rashly abandoned, for now wheeling round
The son of Orleans fought. All captainless,
Ill-marshall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage,
They waste their furious efforts, falling fast
Before the Maid's good falchion and the sword
Of Conrade: loud was heard the mingled sound
Of arms and men; the earth, that trampled late
By multitudes, gave to the passing wind
Its dusty clouds, now reek'd with their hot gore.

High on the fort's far-summit Talbot mark'd
The fight, and call'd impatient for his arms,
Eager to rush to war; and scarce withheld,
For now, disheartened and discomfited,
The troops fled fearful.
On the bridge there stood
A strong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.
The traveller, sometimes lingered on his way,
Marking the playful tenants of the stream,
Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide.

This

This had the invaders won in hard assault
Ere she, the Delegate of Heaven, came forth
And made them fear who never fear'd before.
Hither the English troops with hasty steps
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
But waging still the war: the garrison
Them thus retreating saw, and open threw
Their guarded gates, and on the Gallic host,
Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts.
Check'd in pursuit they stopt. Then D'Orval cried,
" Ill Maiden hast thou done! those valiant troops
" Thy womanish pity has dismissed, with us
" Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foes,
" Tho' aided thus, and plant the lillied flag
" Victorious on yon tower."
" Dark-minded man!
The Maid of Orleans answered, " to act well
" Brings with itself an ample recompence.
" Chieftain! let come what will, me it behoves,
" Mindful of that Good Power whose delegate

" I am

" I am, to spare the fallen: that gracious God
" Sends me the minister of mercy forth,
" Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France.
" To England friendly as to all the world,
" Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,
" The masters and the murderers of mankind."

She said, and suddenly threw off her helm;
Her breast heaved high---her cheek grew red---her eyes
Flash'd forth a wilder lustre. " Thou dost deem
" That I have illy spar'd so large a band,
" Disabling from pursuit our weakened troops--
" God is with us!" she cried---" God is with us!
" Our Champion manifest!"
Even as she spake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash.
Astonishment
Seized on the French---an universal cry
Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,

Or

Or by their armour whelm'd beneath the tide,
The sufferers sunk, or vainly plied their arms,
Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast
And dragg'd them down to death: shrieking they sunk;
Huge fragments frequent dash'd with thundering roar,
Amid the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and curs'd
The more than mortal Virgin; whilst the towers
Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,
And all who heard, trembled, and cross'd their breasts,
And as they hastened to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads.

'Twas now the hour
When o'er the plain the pensive hues of eve
Shed their meek radiance; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind
The lengthening shades; and seeking his high nest,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook pours his not unpleasing note.
"Now then Dunois for Orleans!" cried the Maid,

"The

" The strongest forts are ours, and who remain,
" Saved from our swords awhile, in heart subdued,
" Will yield an easy conquest; rest we now
" Our wearied soldiers, for the night draws on."

She said, and joyful of their finish'd toil
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight,
And silent as the deep, but late uptorn
By vernal tempests, when the storm is past
And o'er the gently-swelling surface, sleeps
The unruffling wind.
Meantime the English troops
Now loud in terror, clamour'd for retreat,
Deeming that, aided by the powers of Heaven,
The Maid went forth to conquer. One more bold,
Learning reflection in the hour of ill,
Exclaim'd, " I marvel not that the Most High
" Hath hid his face from England! Wherefore thus
" Quitting the comforts of domestic life,
" Swarm we to desolate this goodly land,

" Making the drench'd earth, rank with human blood,
" Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven?
" Oh! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws
" On that foul Priest, that bad blood-guilty man,
" Who, trembling for the Church's ill-got wealth,
" Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
" The desolating sword, and sent him forth
" To slaughter! think that in this fatal war
" Thousands and tens of thousands, by the sword
" Cut off, and sent before the Eternal Judge,
" With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
" Cry out for vengeance! that the widow's groan,
" Tho' here she groan unpitied or unheard,
" Is heard in Heaven against us! o'er this land
" That hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
" Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun!
" The wrath of God is on us---God has call'd

" This

Line 696. The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The Clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the King, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France. HUME.

" This Virgin forth, and gone before her path---
" Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
" Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
" Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
" Mangled and swoln, their blackened carcases
" Toss on the tossing billows! We remain,
" For yet our rulers will pursue the war,
" We still remain to perish by the sword,
" Soon to appear before the throne of God,
" Lost, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,
" Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dared to risk
" The life his goodness gave us, on the chance
" Of war, and in obedience to our Chiefs,
" Durst disobey our God."

Then terror seized
The troops and late repentance: and they thought
The Spirits of the Mothers and their Babes,
Famish'd at Rouen, sat on the clouds of night,
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance.

Nor

Nor the English Chiefs
Heard their loud murmurs heedless: counselling
They met despondent. Suffolk (now their Chief,
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore
Fell Salisbury) thus began.
" It now were vain
" Lightly of this our more than mortal foe,
" To speak contemptuous. She has vanquish'd us,
" Aided by Hell's leagued powers, nor ought avails
" Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of Hell
" To dare the conflict: it were better far
" Retreating as we may, from this sad scene,
" What of our hard won conquests yet remain,
" Haply to save."
He ceas'd, and with a sigh
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,
Talbot replied---" Our council little boots;
" The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed
" Our vain resolves, heart-withered by the spells
" Of this accursed Sorceress: soon will come

" The

" The expected host from England: even now
" Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
" That bears my son---young Talbot comes---he comes
" To find his sire disgraced! but soon mine arm,
" By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,
" Shall, from the crest-fallen courage of yon witch,
" Regain its antient glory. Near the coast
" Best is it to retreat, and there expect
" The coming succour."

Thus the warrior spake.

Joy ran thro' all the troops, as tho' retreat
Were safety. Silently in ordered ranks
They issue forth, favoured by the deep clouds
That mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
Fearful they speeded on: some, thinking sad
Of distant England, and, now wise too late,
Cursing in bitterness that evil hour
That led them from her shores: some in faint hope
Calling to mind the comforts of their home:
Talbot went musing on his blasted fame

Sullen

Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts,
And meditating vengeance.
In the walls
Of Orleans, tho' her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
Mindful; such mingled sentiments they felt
As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow
Of transport past, who contemplates himself,
Preserved alone, a solitary wretch,
Possessed of life indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The Chieftains shared
The social bowl, glad of the town relieved,
And communing of that miraculous Maid,
Who came the saviour of the realm of France,
When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame,
Her bravest warriors trembled.
JOAN the while
Foodless and silent to the Convent pass'd:
Conrade, with her and Isabel; both mute,

Yet

Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,
Looking the consolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome:
The glaring torches o'er the house of death
Stream'd a sad splendour. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore: the rue,
The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him withered in its first bloom.
Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief
Pour'd copious; Conrade wept: the Maid alone
Was tearless, for she stood, unheedingly,
Gazing the vision'd scene of her last hour,
Absorb'd in contemplation; from her eye
Intelligence was absent; nor she seem'd
To hear, tho' listening to the dirge of death.
Laid in his last home now was Theodore,
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth
Fell heavy: the Maid started---for the sound
Smote on her heart; her eye one lightning glance
Shot wild, and shuddering, upon Isabel

She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek
As wan as tho' untenanted by life.

Then in the Priest arose the earnest hope,
That weary of the world and sick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vowed.
" Ah Damsel!" slow he spake and crost his breast,
" Ah Damsel! favoured as thou art of Heaven,
" Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink
" Despondent; Heaven by sorrow disciplines
" The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves;
" Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
" Affliction thee shall wean from this vain world,
" Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase,
" And like the midnight meteor of the marsh,
" Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
" Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid!
" Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
" Beyond the night of life! thy race is run,
" Thou hast delivered Orleans: now perfect
Thyself;

" Thyself; accomplish all, and be the child
" Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
" Of Woe is never heard; these hallowed roofs
" Re-echo only to the pealing quire,
" The chaunted mass, and Virgin's holy hymn;
" Celestial sounds! secluded here, the soul
" Receives a foretaste of her joys to come!
" This is the abode of Piety and Peace:
" Oh! be their inmate Maiden! come to rest,
" Die to the world, and live espous'd to Heaven!"

Then Conrade answered, " Father! Heaven has doom'd
" This Maid to active virtue."

" Active! Warrior!" cried
The astonish'd Priest; " thou dost not know the toils
" This holy warfare asks; thou dost not know
" How powerful the attacks that Satan makes
" By sinful Nature aided! dost thou deem
" It is an easy task from the fond breast
" To root affection out? to burst the cords

" That grapple to society the heart
" Of social man? to rouse the unwilling spirit,
" That, rebel to Devotion, faintly pours
" The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer?
" To fear and tremble at him, yet to love
" A God of Terrors? Maid, beloved of Heaven!
" Come to this sacred trial! share with us
" The day of penance and the night of prayer!
" Humble thyself! feel thine own worthlessness,
" A reptile worm! before thy birth condemn'd
" To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath,
" The lot of fallen mankind! oh hither come!
" Humble thyself in ashes, so thy name
" Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,
" And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine
" Pour forth their pious offerings."
" Hear me Priest!"
Exclaim'd the awakened Maid; " amid these tombs,
" Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart
" Must never grow to stone! chill thou thyself,

" And

" And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,
" And labor thro' thy still repeated prayer;
" Fear thou thy God of Terrors; spurn the gifts
" He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive!
" But far more valued is the vine that bends
" Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
" And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall
" Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know
" Mine own worth, Priest! that I have well perform'd
" My duty, and untrembling shall appear
" Before the just tribunal of that God,
" Whom grateful Love has taught me to adore!"

She said, and they departed from the dome.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE NINTH.

ARGUMENT.

Vision of the Maid.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE NINTH.

ORLEANS was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay: with toil
Exhausted and sore anguish. Soon she closed
Her heavy eye-lids; not reposing then,
For busy Phantasy, in other scenes
Awakened: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things *are* that *seem*.
Along a heath,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd a wanderer thro' the cheerless night.

Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing; thro' their broken folds the moon
Struggled sometimes with transitory ray,
And made the moving darkness, visible.
And now arrived beside a fenny lake
She stands: amid its stagnate waters, hoarse
The thick sedge rustled to the gales of night,
And loud was heard the Bittern's mournful cry.
An age-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where thro' the crazy vessel's yawning side
Rush'd in the muddy wave: a female guides
And spreads the sail before the wind, that moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by the dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round the embattled towers
Of that hell-house of France, ere yet sublime
The Almighty people from their tyrant's hand
Dash'd down the iron rod.

Intent

Line 29. The Bastille.

Intent the Maid
Gazed on the pilot's form, and as she gazed
Shiver'd, for wan her face was, and her eyes
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were furrowed deep,
Channell'd by tears; a few grey locks hung down
Beneath her hood: then thro' the Maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood; for, as the night-breeze pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around,
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless Bat with short shrill note flits by,
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leaps, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection.
There, a mouldering pile
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone thro' its fretted windows: the dark Yew,

Withering

Withering with age, branched there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy Cypress rear'd
Its head: the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged Man
Sat near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fall'n
And half-obscur'd by moss, and gathered heaps
Of withered yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones:
And shining in the ray was seen the track
Of slimy snail obscene. Composed his look,
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the Maid; the blue flames on his face
Stream'd a drear light; his face was of the hue
Of death: his limbs were mantled in a shroud.

Then

Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,
Exclaim'd the Spectre, "Welcome to these realms,
"These regions of DESPAIR! O thou whose steps
"By GRIEF conducted to these sad abodes
"Have pierc'd; welcome, welcome to this gloom
"Eternal; to this everlasting night;
"Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
"Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
"Dark as the bosom of their gloomy King!

So saying he arose, and by the hand
The Virgin seized with such a death-cold touch
As froze her very heart; and drawing on,
Her, to the abbey's inner ruin, led
Resistless: thro' the broken roof the moon
Glimmer'd a scatter'd ray: the ivy twin'd
Round the dismantled column: imaged forms
Of Saints and warlike Chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strewn upon the ground;
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,

And rusted trophies; and amid the heap
Some monument's defaced legend spake,
All human glory vain.
The loud blast roar'd
Amid the pile; and from the tower the owl
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
He, silent, led her on, and often paus'd,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene.
He dragged her on
Thro' a low iron door, down broken stairs;
Then a cold horror thro' the Maiden's frame
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp's dim glaring light,
The fragments of the dead.
"Look here!" he cried,
"Damsel, look here! survey this house of Death;
"O soon to tenant it! soon to increase
"These trophies of mortality! for hence
"Is no return! Gaze here! behold this skull!

" These eyeless sockets, and these unflesh'd jaws,
" That with their ghastly grinning, seem to mock
" Thy perishable charms; for thus thy cheek
" Must moulder! Child of Grief! shrinks not thy soul,
" Viewing these horrors? trembles not thy heart
" At the dread thought, that here its life's-blood soon
" Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
" Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
" With the cold clod? a thought most horrible!
" So only, dreadful, for reality
" Is none of suffering here; here all is peace;
" No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
" Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
" But having lost, knowledge of loss is not
" Therefore no ill. Haste, Maiden, to repose;
" Probe deep the seat of life.

So spake DESPAIR.

The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was silence. Quick her heart
Panted. He drew a dagger from his breast,

And

And cried again, " Haste Damsel to repose!
" One blow, and rest for ever!" On the Fiend
Dark scowl'd the Virgin with indignant eye,
And dash'd the dagger down. He next his heart
Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the Maid
Along the downward vault.
The damp earth gave
A dim sound as they pass'd: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dews.
" Behold!" the fiend exclaim'd, " how gradual here
" The fleshly burden of mortality
" Moulders to clay!" then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
Lay livid; she beheld with loathing look,
The spectacle abhorr'd by living man.

" Look here!" DESPAIR pursued, " this loathsome mass
" Was once as lovely, and as full of life
" As, Damsel! thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
" Once beam'd the mild light of intelligence,

" And

" And where thou seest the pamper'd flesh-worm trail,
" Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
" That at the hallowed altar, soon the Priest
" Should bless her coming union, and the torch,
" Its joyful lustre o'er the hall of joy,
" Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
" That Priest consign'd her, and the funeral lamp
" Glares on her cold face; for her lover went,
" By glory lur'd to war, and perish'd there;
" Nor she endur'd to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
" Dost thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale?
" Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
" The self-devoted hero!"

Fearfully
The Maid look'd down, and saw the well known face
Of---THEODORE! in thoughts unspeakable,
Convulsed with horror, o'er her face she clasp'd
Her cold damp hands: " Shrink not," the Phantom cried,
" Gaze on! for ever gaze!" more firm he grasp'd
Her quiv'ring arm: " this lifeless mouldering clay,

" As well thou know'st, was warm with all the glow
" Of Youth and Love! this is the arm that cleaved
" Salisbury's proud crest, now motionless in Death,
" Unable to protect the ravaged frame
" From the foul Offspring of Mortality
" That feed on heroes. Tho' long years were thine,
" Yet never more would life reanimate
" This murdered man: murdered by thee! for thou
" Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
" Else living there in peace to good old age:
" In thy defence he died: strike deep---destroy
" Remorse with Life."
The Maid stood motionless,
And wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
" Avaunt DESPAIR! Eternal Wisdom deals
" Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
" Alike design'd; and shall the Creature cry,
" Why hast thou done this?" and with impious pride
" Destroy the life God gave?" the Fiend rejoin'd:

And

" And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
" The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
" Assign'd to mortal man? born but to drag,
" Thro' Life's long pilgrimage, the wearying load
" Of Being; care-corroded at the heart;
" Assail'd by all the numerous train of ills
" That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
" This is his consummation! think again:
" What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen'd life
" But lengthen'd sorrow? If protracted long,
" Till on the bed of Death thy feeble limbs
" Outstretch their languid length? Oh think what thoughts,
" What agonizing woes, in that dread hour,
" Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse!
" Dim grows the eye, and clammy drops bedew
" The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
" Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
" Shall seize the throbbing heart---the faltering lips
" Pour out the impious prayer, that fain would change
" The Immutable's decree---surrounding friends

" Sob

" Sob round the sufferer---wet his cheek with tears,
" And all he loved in life embitters death !

" Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
" Of calmest dissolution ! yet weak man
" Dares, in his timid piety, to live ;
" And veiling Fear in Superstition's garb,
" He calls it---Resignation !
" Coward wretch !
" Fond Coward, thus to make his Reason war
" Against his Reason ! insect as he is,
" This sport of Chance ! this being of a Day
" Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast !
" Believes himself the care of heavenly powers,
" That God regards Man ! miserable Man !
" And preaching thus of Power and Providence,
" Will crush the reptile that may cross his path !

" Fool that thou art ! the Being that permits
" Existence, *gives* to man the worthless boon :

" A

" A goodly gift to those who, fortune-blest,
" Bask in the sunshine of Prosperity,
" And such do well to keep it. But to him,
" Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
" With many a hard unmerited affliction,
" It is a hair that chains to wretchedness
" The slave who dares not burst it!
" Thinkest thou,
" The parent, if his child should unrecall'd
" Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
" Oh! the wide world is comfortless, and full
" Of vacant joys or heart-consuming cares!
" I can be only happy in my home
" With thee-- my friend!---my father!" Think'st thou, Maid,
" That he would thrust him as an outcast forth?
" Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
" And love the trespass."
Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
Struggling

Line 223. This thought is taken from GOETHE's Sorrows of Werter.

Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
Even as the wretch, whose famish'd entrails crave
Supply, before him sees the poison'd food
In greedy horror.
Yet not long the Maid
Debated, "Cease thy dangerous sophistry,
"Eloquent tempter!" cried she, "gloomy one!
"What tho' affliction be my portion here,
"Think'st thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
"Of heart-ennobling joy, when I look back
"Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
"Then lift mine eyes to Heaven, and there in faith
"Know my reward? I grant, were this life all;
"Was there no morning to the Tomb's long night;
"If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
"Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
"A wise and friendly comforter! But---Fiend!
"There is a morning to the Tomb's long night,
"A dawn of glory, a reward in Heaven,
"He shall not gain who never merited.

"If

" If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
" In life's last hour, thou would'st not bid me lose
" The power to benefit; if I but save
" A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain.
" I have great duties, Fiend! me France expects,
" Her heaven-doom'd Champion."
" Maiden, thou hast done
" Thy mission here," the unbaffled Fiend replied:
" The foes are fled from Orleans: thou, perchance
" Exulting in the pride of victory,
" Forgettest him who perish'd; yet albeit
" Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth;
" That hour allotted, canst thou not escape
" That dreadful hour, when Contumely and Shame
" Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
" Destined to drain the cup of bitterness,
" Even to its dregs! England's inhuman Chiefs
" Shall scoff thy sorrows, black thy spotless fame,
" Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
" And force such burning blushes to the cheek

" Of

" Of Virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
" The earth might cover thee! in that last hour,
" When thy bruis'd breast shall heave beneath the chains
" That link thee to the stake; when o'er thy form,
" Exposed unmantled, the brute multitude
" Shall gaze, and thou shalt hear the ribald taunt,
" More painful than the circling flames that scorch
" Each quivering member; wilt thou not in vain
" Then wish my friendly aid? then wish thine ear
" Had drank my words of comfort? that thy hand
" Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
" Insulted modesty?"

Her glowing cheek
Blush'd crimson; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd; her breath short panted. The cold Fiend,
Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, " Too-timid Maid,
" So long repugnant to the healing aid
" My friendship proffers, now shalt thou behold
" The allotted length of life."

He stamp'd the earth,

And

And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
Two GOULS came on, of form more fearful-foul
Than ever palsied in her wildest dream
Hag-ridden Superstition. Then DESPAIR
Seiz'd on the Maid, whose curdling blood stood still,
And placed her in the seat; and on they pass'd
Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
Shot from the Dæmons, as they dragg'd along
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren glut
On carcasses.

Below the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. "Look here!"----DESPAIR addrest
The shuddering Virgin, "see the dome of DEATH!"
It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
The entrails of the earth, as tho' to form
The grave of all mankind: no eye could reach,
Tho' gifted with the Eagle's ample ken,
Its distant bounds. There, thron'd in darkness, dwelt
The unseen POWER OF DEATH.

Here stopt the GOULS,

Reaching the destin'd spot. The Fiend leapt out,
And from the coffin, as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, " Where never yet stood mortal man,
" Thou standest: look around this boundless vault;
" Observe the dole that Nature deals to man,
" And learn to know thy friend."
She not replied,
Observing where the Fates their several tasks
Plied ceaseless. " Mark how short the longest web
" Allowed to man!" he cried; " observe how soon,
" Twin'd round yon never-resting wheel, they change
" Their snowy hue, darkening thro' many a shade,
" Till Atropos relentless shuts the sheers!

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
Or as the lovely lilly of the vale,
Was never one beyond the little span
Of infancy untainted: few there were
But lightly tinged; more of deep crimson hue,

Or

Or deeper sable died. Two Genii stood,
Still as the web of Being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter wave
Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax'd to a hard smile. The milder form
Shed less profusely there his lesser store;
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
Mourning the lot of man; and happy he
Who on his thread those precious drops receives;
If it be happiness to have the pulse
Throb fast with pity, and in such a world
Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
With anguish at the sight of human woe!

To her the Fiend, well-hoping now success,
" This is thy thread! observe how short the span,
" And see how copious yonder Genius pours
" The bitter stream of woe." The Maiden saw
Fearless. " Now gaze!" " the tempter Fiend exclaim'd,

And

And placed again the poniard in her hand,
For SUPERSTITION, with sulphureal torch,
Stalk'd to the loom. This, Damsel, is thy fate!
" The hour draws on --now drench the dagger deep!
" Now rush to happier worlds!"
The Maid replied,
" Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
" Impious I strive not: be that will perform'd!"

Lo! as she spake, celestial radiance beam'd
Amid the air; such odors wafting now
As ever fled upon the evening gale,
From Eden's blissful bowers. An angel form
Stood by the Maid; his wings, etherial white,
Flash'd like the diamond in the noon-tide sun,
Dazzling her mortal eye: all else appear'd
Her THEODORE.
Amazed she saw: the Fiend
Was fled, and on her ear the well-known voice
Sounded; tho' now more musically sweet

Than

Than ever yet had thrill'd her charmed soul,
When eloquent Affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight!
" Beloved Maid!
" Lo! I am with thee! still thy Theodore!
" Hearts in the holy bands of Love combin'd,
" Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine!
" A little while, and thou shalt dwell with me
" In scenes where Sorrow is not. Cheerily
" Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
" Rough tho' it be and painful, for the grave
" Is but the threshold of Eternity!

" Favour'd of Heaven! to thee is given to view
" These secret realms. In night unpierceable
" Enveloped, DEATH is there, around him wait
" His ministers."
Undauntedly the Maid
Beheld his ghastly train. The withered form
Of AGE: his cheek was hollow, and his eyes
Sunk

Sunk deep, and palsied were his toothless jaws.
He, as he tottered on the open grave,
Look'd back, and call'd on one with earnest voice
For aid; yet never aid from him received
His fellow minister: all gravity
He was, a well-wigg'd form, and in his hand
A gold-topt cane, which ever to his lips,
In thought profound, he press'd: his lofty speech
With learned phrase abounded, such as fills
The astonish'd soul with awe: and oft his hand
Dire incantations drew, with magic drugs,
To fill the mystic phial, which who feels,
With griping pains opprest, shall toss and writhe,
Till Nature, wearied with disease, and sick
Of remedy, must yield the unequal strife.
MURDER was there, well-vers'd in many a shape
To serve his shadowy King; or in the rags
Of ruffian poverty, or skill'd to drug
The bowl with death, or, hid beneath his cloak,
Sharp the stiletto for the mortal blow;

Now in the form of Honor, fierce to talk
Of satisfaction for his injuries,
And reputation, and the jargon'd phrase
That make mankind genteely violate
The law of God. But these are petty deeds
For this proud Fiend, that o'er the ravaged earth
Stalks royally, and bids his liveried slaves,
His hireling train'd assassins, to go forth,
And desolate, and kill!
As on they pass'd
Beyond the hideous train, thus Theodore
Pursued: "The bottom of the vast abyss
"Thou treadest, Maiden! Here the dungeons are
"Where bad men learn repentance; souls diseased
"Must have their remedy; and where disease
"Is rooted deep, the remedy is long
"Perforce, and painful."
Thus the Spirit spake,
And led the Maid along a narrow path,
Dark-gleaming to the light of far-off flames,

More

More dread than darkness. Soon the distant sound
Of clanking anvils, and the lengthened breath
Provoking fire are heard: and now they reach
A vast expanded den, where all around
Tremendous furnaces, with hellish blaze,
Flamed dreadful. At the heaving bellows stood
The meagre form of CARE, and as he blew
To augment the fire, the fire augmented, scorch'd
His wretched limbs: sleepless for ever thus
He toil'd and toil'd, of toil to reap no end
But endless toil, and never-ending woe.

An aged man went round the infernal vault
Urging his workmen at their ceaseless task:
White were his locks, as is the wintry snow
On hoar Plinlimmon's head. A golden staff
His steps supported; powerful talisman,
Which whoso feels shall never feel again
The tear of Pity or the throb of Love.
Touch'd but by this, the massy gates give way,

The

The buttress trembles, and the guarded wall,
Guarded in vain, submits. Him heathens erst
Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee
To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
Tho' he the Blessed Teacher of mankind
Hath said, that easier thro the needle's eye
Shall the huge cable pass, than the rich man
Enter the gates of Heaven. " Ye cannot serve
" Your GOD, and worship MAMMON."
" Missioned Maid!
So spake the Angel, " know that these, whose hands
" Round each white furnace ply the unceasing toil,
" Were Mammon's slaves on earth. They did not spare
" To wring from Poverty the hard-earn'd mite;
" They robb'd the orphan's pittance; they could see
" Want's asking eye unmoved; and therefore these,
" Ranged round the furnace, still must persevere
" In Mammon's service; scorch'd by these fierce fires,
" And frequent deluged by th' o'erboiling ore:
" Yet still so framed, that oft to quench their thirst

" Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold
" They drink insatiate, still with pain renewed,
" Pain to destroy!"
So saying, her he led
Forth from the dreadful cavern to a cell,
Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls
Part gleam'd with gold, and part with silver ore
A milder radiance shone. The Carbuncle
There, it's strong lustre like the flamy sun,
Shot forth irradiate; from the earth beneath,
And from the roof a diamond light emits;
Rubies and Amethysts their glows commix'd
With the gay Topaz, and the softer ray
Shot from the Sapphire, and the Emerald's hue,
And bright Pyropus.
There on golden seats,
A numerous, sullen, melancholy train,
Sat silent. " Maiden, these," said Theodore,
" Are they who let the love of wealth absorb
" All other passions; in their souls that vice

" Struck

" Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree
" That with its shade spreads barrenness around.
" These, Maid! were men by no atrocious crime
" Blacken'd; no fraud, nor ruffian violence:
" Men of fair dealing, and respectable
" On earth, but such as only for themselves
" Heap'd up their treasures, deaming all their wealth
" Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,
" To bless them only: therefore here they sit,
" Possessed of gold enough, and by no pain
" Tormented, save the knowledge of the bliss
" They lost, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,
" Loathing these useless treasures, till the hour
" Of general restitution."

Thence they part,
And now arrived at such a gorgeous dome,
As even the pomp of Eastern opulence
Could never equal: wandered thro' it's halls
A numerous train; some with the red-swoln eye
Of riot and intemperance-bloated cheek;

Some

Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step,
And eyes lack-lustre.
" Maiden!" said her guide,
" These are the wretched slaves of Appetite,
" Curst with their wish enjoyed: the Epicure
" Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense
" Loaths at the banquet: the Voluptuous here
" Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,
" And sink in misery. All they wish'd on earth,
" Possessing here, whom have they to accuse,
" But their own folly, for the lot they chose?
" Yet, for that these injured themselves alone,
" They to the houe of PENITENCE may hie,
" And, by a long and painful regimen,
" To wearied Nature her exhausted powers
" Restore, till they shall learn to form the wish
" Of wisdom, and ALMIGHTY GOODNESS grants
" That prize to him who seeks it."
Whilst he spake,
The board is spread. With bloated paunch, and eye

Fat

Fat swoln, and legs whose monstrous size disgraced
The human form divine, their caterer,
Hight GLUTTONY, set forth the smoaking feast.
And by his side came on a brother form,
With firey cheek of purple hue, and red
And scurfey-white, mix'd motley: his gross bulk,
Like some huge hogshead shapen'd, as applied.
Him had antiquity with mystic rites
Ador'd, to him the sons of Greece, and thine
Imperial Rome! on many an altar pour'd
The victim blood, with godlike titles graced;
BACCHUS, or DIONUSUS, son of JOVE,
Deem'd falsely, for from FOLLY's ideot form
He sprung, what time MADNESS, with furious hand,
Seiz'd on the laughing female. At one birth
She brought the brethren, menial here, above
Reigning with sway supreme; and oft they hold
High revels. Mid the monastery's gloom,
Thy palace GLUTTONY! and oft to thee
The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice

Episcopal

Episcopal, proclaims approaching day
Of visitation, or Churchwardens meet
To save the wretched many from the gripe
Of eager Poverty, or mid thy halls
Of London, mighty Mayor! rich Aldermen
Of coming-feast, hold converse.
Otherwhere,
For tho' allied in nature as in blood,
They hold divided sway, his brother lifts
His spungy sceptre. In the noble domes
Of Princes, and state-wearied Ministers,
Maddening he reigns; and when the affrighted mind
Casts o'er a long career of guilt and blood
Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought
To lull the worm of Conscience to repose.
He too the halls of country Squires frequents,
But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades
Thy offspring Rhadycina! and thy walls,
Granta! Nightly libations there to him
Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles,

Triangles, Circles, Parallelograms,
Moods, Tenses, Dialects, and Demigods,
And Logic and Theology are swept
By the red deluge.
Unmolested there
He reigns; till comes at length the general feast,
Septennial sacrifice; then when the sons
Of England meet, with watchful care to chuse
Their delegates---wise! independent men!
Unbribing and unbrib'd! and cull'd to guard
Their rights and charters from the encroaching grasp
Of greedy Power: then all the joyful land
Join in his sacrifices, so inspir'd
To make the important choice.
The observing Maid
Address'd her guide, "These Theodore, thou sayest
"Are men, who pampering their foul appetites,
"Injured themselves alone. But where are they,
"The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil
"Around the guileless female, so to stain

"The

" The heart that loves them ?"

" Them," the spirit replied
" A long and dreadful punishment awaits.
" For when the prey of want and infamy,
" Lower and lower still the victim sinks
" Even to the depth of shame. Not one lewd word,
" One impious imprecation from her lips
" Escapes, nay not a thought of evil lurks
" In the polluted mind, that does not plead
" Before the throne of Justice thunder-tongued
" Against the foul Seducer."

Now they reach'd
The house of PENITENCE. CREDULITY
Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head
As tho' to listen; on her vacant face,
A smile that promised premature assent;
Tho' her REGRET behind, a meagre Fiend!
Disciplin'd sorely.

Here they entered in,
And now arrived where as in study tranced

She

She sat the Mistress of the Dome. Her face
Spake that compos'd severity, that knows
No angry impulse, no weak tenderness,
Resolved, and calm. Before her lay that Book
That hath the words of Life; and as she read,
Sometimes a tear would trickle down her cheek,
Tho' heavenly Joy beam'd in her eye the while.

Leaving her undisturb'd, to the first ward
Of this great Lazar-house, the Angel led
The favour'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down
On the hard stone that their bare knees had worn,
In sackcloth robed, a numerous train appear'd:
Hard-featur'd some, and some demurely grave;
Yet such expression stealing from the eye,
As tho', that only naked, all the rest
Was one close-fitting mask: a scoffing Fiend
(For Fiend he was, tho' wisely serving here)
Mock'd at his patients, and did often pour
Ashes upon them, and then bid them say

Their prayers aloud, and then he louder laughed:
For these were Hypocrites, on earth revered
As holy ones, who did in public tell
Their beads, and make long prayers, and cross themselves,
And call themselves most miserable sinners,
That so they might be deem'd most pious saints;
And go all filth, and never let a smile
Bend their stern muscles, gloomy sullen men!
Barren of all affection! and all this
To please their God, forsooth! and therefore SCORN
Grinn'd at his patients, making them repeat
Their solemn farce, with keenest raillery
Tormenting; but if earnest in their prayer,
They pour'd the silent sorrows of the soul
To Heaven, then did they not regard his mocks
Which then came painless, and HUMILITY
Soon rescued them, and led to PENITENCE,
That She might lead to Heaven.

From thence they came,
Where, in the next Ward, a most wretched band

Groan'd

Groan'd underneath the bitter tyranny
Of a fierce Dæmon; his coarse hair was red,
Pale grey his eyes, and blood-shot; and his face
Wrinkled by such a smile as Malice wears
In ecstasy. Well-pleased he went around,
Plunging his dagger in the hearts of some,
Or probing with a poison'd lance their breasts,
Or placing coals of fire within their wounds;
Or seizing some within his mighty grasp
He fix'd them on a stake, and then drew back,
And laugh'd to see them writhe.

"These," said the Spirit,
"Are taught by CRUELTY, to loath the lives
"They led themselves. Here are those wicked men
"Who loved to exercise their tyrant power
"On speechless brutes; bad husbands undergo
"A long purgation here; the Traffickers
"In human flesh here too are disciplin'd
"Till by their sufferings they have equall'd all
"The miseries they inflicted, all the mass

"Of

" Of wretchedness caused by the wars they waged,
" The towns they burnt, (for they who bribe to war
" Are guilty of the blood) the widows left
" In want, the slave or led to suicide,
" Or murdered by the foul infected air
" Of his close dungeon, or more sad than all,
" His virtue lost, his very soul enslaved,
" And driven by woe to wickedness.
" These next,
" Whom thou beholdest in this dreary room,
" So sullen, and with such an eye of hate
" Each on the other scowling, these have been
" False friends. Tormented by their own dark thoughts
" Here they dwell: in the hollow of their hearts
" There is a worm that feeds! and tho' thou seest
" That skilful leech who willingly would heal
" The ill they suffer, judging of all else
" By their own evil standard, they suspect
" The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
" By vice its punishment."
" But

"But who are these,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "That robed in flowing lawn,
"And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps
"Like Cardinals, I see in every ward
"Performing menial service at the beck
"Of all who bid them?"
Theodore replied,
"These men are they who in the name of CHRIST
"Did heap up wealth, and arrogating power,
"Did make men bow the knee, and call themselves
"Most Reverend Graces and Right Reverend Lords:
"They dwelt in palaces, in purple cloathed,
"And in fine linen: therefore are they here;
"And tho' they would not minister on earth,
"Here penanced they perforce must minister:
"For he, the lowly man of Nazareth,
"Hath said, his kingdom is not of the world."

So saying on they past, and now arrived
Where such a hideous ghastly groupe abode,

That

That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye,
And shudder'd: each one was a loathly corpse!
The worm did banquet on his putrid prey,
Yet had they life and feeling exquisite,
Tho' motionless and mute.
" Most wretched men
" Are these," the angel cried. " These, *JOAN*, are Bards,
" Whose loose lascivious lays perpetuate
" Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
" Who sat them down, deliberately lewd,
" So to awake and pamper lust in minds,
" Unborn; and therefore foul of body now
" As then they were of soul, they here abide
" Their punishment, and here they must abide
" Long as the evil works they left on earth
" Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom!
" Yet amply merited by that bad man
" Who prostitutes the sacred gift of song."

They enter'd now a large and lofty dome,

O'er

O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the MURDERERS OF MANKIND!
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod he was there,
First King the mighty hunter; and that Chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crown'd, accurst liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain!
Octavius, tho' the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymn'd his praise, tho' Maro sung to him,
And when Death levelled to original clay
The royal carcase, FLATTERY, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipp'd the new God!
Titus was here, the Conqueror of the Jews,

He

Line 709. During the siege of Jerusalem, " the Roman commander, *with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism*, laboured incessantly, and to the very last moment, to preserve the place. With this view, he again and again intreated the tyrants to surrender and save their lives. With the same view also, after carrying the second wall, the siege

He the Delight of human-kind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, Emperors and Kings;
Here they were all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the COURT OF GLORY, reaping now
The meed they merited.
As gazing round
The Virgin mark'd the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth;
" Thou who art come to view our punishment,
" Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes,
" For I am he whose bloody victories
" Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
" The hero conqueror of Azincour,
" HENRY OF ENGLAND!---wretched that I am!
" I might have reigned in happiness and peace,
" My

siege was intermitted four days: to rouse their fears, *prisoners, to the number of five hundred, or more were crucified daily before the walls; till space,* Josephus says, *was wanting for the crosses, and crosses for the captives.*"

From the Bampton Lectures of RALPH CHURTON.

If any of my readers should enquire why Titus Vespasian, the Delight of Mankind, is placed in such a situation.—I answer, for " HIS GENEROUS CLEMENCY, THAT INSEPARABLE ATTENDANT ON TRUE HEROISM!

" My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd,
" And PLENTY and PROSPERITY had loved
" To dwell amongst them: but mine eye beheld
" The realm of France, by faction tempest-torn;
" And therefore I did think that it would fall
" An easy prey. I persecuted those
" Who taught new doctrines, tho' they taught the truth:
" And when I heard of thousands by the sword
" Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,
" I calmly counted up my proper gains,
" And sent new herds to slaughter: temperate
" Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice
" Tainting my private life, I sent abroad
" MURDER and RAPE; and therefore am I doom'd,
" Like these imperial Sufferers, crown'd with fire,
" Here to remain, till Man's awaken'd eye
" Shall see the genuine blackness of our deeds,
" And warn'd by them, till the whole human race,
" Equalling in bliss the aggregate we caus'd
" Of wretchedness, shall form ONE BROTHERHOOD.

"ONE UNIVERSAL FAMILY OF LOVE."

The Maiden, musing on the Warrior's words,
Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd
A cavern, at whose mouth a Genius stood,
In front, a beardless youth, whose smiling eye
Beam'd promise, but behind withered and old,
And all unlovely. Underneath his feet
Lay records trampled, and the laurel wreath
Now rent and faded: in his hand he held
An hour-glass, and, as fall the restless sands,
So pass the lives of men. By him they past
Along the darksome cave, and reach'd a stream,
Aye rolling onward its perpetual waves,
Noiseless and undisturb'd. Here they ascend
A Bark unpiloted, that down the flood,
Borne by the current, rush'd. The circling stream,
Returning to itself, an island form'd;
Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reach'd
The insulated coast, eternally

Rapt

Rapt round the endless course; but Theodore,
With force angelic, drove the obedient bark.

They land, a mighty fabric meets their eyes,
Seen by its gem-born light. Of adamant
The pile was framed, for ever to abide
Firm in eternal strength. Before the gate
Stood eager EXPECTATION, as to list
The half-heard murmurs issuing from within,
Her mouth half open'd, and her head stretch'd forth.
On the other side there stood an aged Crone,
Listening to every breath of air; she knew
Vague suppositions and uncertain dreams,
Of what was soon to come, for she would mark
The paley glow-worm's self-created light,
And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
And desolated nations; ever fill'd
With undetermined terror, as she heard
Or distant screech owl, or the regular beat
Of evening death-watch.

"Maid,"

" Maid," the Spirit cried,
" Here, robed in shadows, dwells FUTURITY.
" There is no eye hath seen her secret form,
" For round the MOTHER OF TIME, unpierced mists
" Aye hover. Would'st thou read the book of Fate,
" Enter."
The Damsel for a moment paus'd,
Then to the Angel spake: " All-gracious Heaven!
" Benignant in withholding, hath denied
" To man that knowledge. I, in faith assur'd,
" That he, my heavenly Father, for the best
" Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain
" Contented."
" Well and wisely hast thou said,"
So Theodore replied; and as he spake,
Seizing her hand (for Spirits have such power
That there they *are* where they but wish to be,
Swift as the thought that guides them) in a vale
They stood; a fairer spot industrious Man
Made never, tho' in climes where Nature pours

Profuse

Profuse her bounty. Forest-waving hills
Bosom'd the tranquil scene, beneath whose feet
A river roll'd along its willowy course,
And as it wound between the neighbouring coomb,
Allured the charmed eye. Here, as they pass
Beneath a woodbine bower, a manly form
They saw of open visage, who from wood
Of odorous Myrtle form'd the shafts of Love.
Yet whilst HUMANITY thus plied his toil,
DECEIT would steal away the precious shafts
And in their stead the evil darts return,
Form'd from the Cypress or the Aspin wood,
Or from that tree that on the traveller drops
The dews of death. And as the Genius form'd
His shafts, he plunged them in the urn of bliss:
But brooding evil to the race of man,
Sat shameless VICE behind, and fann'd her fire,
Hell-kindled, heating in it's flames the darts
DECEIT had form'd, and AVARICE venom'd them
With his cold drugs that petrify the heart.

"These

" These are the Dæmons that pervert the power
" Of Love," said Theodore. " The time was once
" When LOVE and HAPPINESS went hand in hand,
" In that blest æra of the infant world
" Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
" Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,
" He spake his honest heart ; the earliest fruits
" His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck'd
" The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid,
" Nor she disdain'd the gift---for VICE not yet
" Had burst the dungeons of her hell, and rear'd
" Those artificial boundaries that divide
" Man from his species. State of blessedness!
" Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's stern son
" Delved in the bowels of the earth for gold,
" Accursed bane of virtue! of such force
" As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon's locks,
" Which whoso saw, felt instant the life-blood
" Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping flesh
" Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot

" To beat. Accursed hour! for man no more
" To JUSTICE paid his homage, but forsook
" Her altars, and bow'd down before the shrine
" Of WEALTH and POWER, the Idols he had made.
" Then HELL enlarg'd herself, her gates flew wide,
" Her legion fiends rush'd forth. OPPRESSION came
" Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath
" Blasts like the Pestilence; and POVERTY,
" A meagre monster, who with withering touch
" Makes barren all the better part of man,
" MOTHER OF MISERIES; then the goodly earth
" Which God had framed for happiness, became
" One theatre of woe, and all that God
" Had given to bless free men, these tyrant fiends
" His bitterest curses made. Yet for the best
" Hath he ordained all things, the ALL-WISE!
" For by experience rous'd shall man at length
" Dash down his Moloch-gods, Samson-like
" And burst his fetters---only strong whilst strong
" Believed; then in the bottomless abyss

OPPRESSION

" OPPRESSION shall be chain'd, and POVERTY
" Die, and with her, her Brood of Miseries;
" And VIRTUE and EQUALITY preserve
" The reign of LOVE, and Earth shall once again
" Be Paradise, whilst WISDOM shall secure
" The state of bliss which IGNORANCE betrayed."

" Oh age of happiness!" the Maid exclaim'd,
" Roll fast thy current, Time till that blest age
" Arrive! and happy thou my Theodore,
" Permitted thus to see the sacred depths
" Of wisdom!"
" Such," the blessed Spirit replied,
" Beloved! such our lot; allowed to range
" The vast infinity, progressive still
" In knowledge, and encreasing blessedness,
" This our united portion. Thou hast yet
" A little while to sojourn amongst men:
" I will be with thee! there shall not a breeze
" Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing

" I

" I will not hover near! and at that hour
" When from it's fleshly sepulchre let loose,
" Thy phœnix soul shall soar, O best-beloved!
" I will be with thee in thine agonies,
" And welcome thee to life and happiness,
" Eternal infinite beatitude!"

He spake, and led her near a straw-roof'd cot,
LOVE's Palace. By the Virtues circled there,
The cherub listen'd to such melodies,
As aye, when one good deed is register'd
Above, re-echo in the halls of Heaven.
LABOR was there, his crisp locks floating loose,
Clear was his cheek, and beaming his full eye,
And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph HEALTH
Still follow'd on his path, and where he trod
Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was HOPE,
The general friend; and MERCY, whose mild eye
Wept o'er the widowed dove; and, loveliest form,
Majestic CHASTITY, whose sober smile

Delights and awes the soul, a laurel wreath
Restrain'd her tresses, and upon her breast
The snow-drop hung its head, that seem'd to grow
Spontaneous, cold and fair: still by the maid
LOVE went submiss, with eye more dangerous
Than fancied basilisk to wound whoe'er
Too bold approached, yet anxious would he read
Her every rising wish, then only pleased
When pleasing. Hymning him the song was rais'd.

" Glory to thee whose vivifying power
" Pervades all Nature's universal frame!
" Glory to thee CREATOR LOVE! to thee,
" Parent of all the smiling CHARITIES,
" That strew the thorny path of Life with flowers!
" Glory to thee PRESERVER! to thy praise
" The awakened Woodlands echo all the day
" Their

Line 902. " The grave matron does not perceive how time has impaired her charms, but decks her faded bosom with the same snow-drop that seems to grow on the breast of the Virgin."
P. H.

" Their living melody; and warbling forth
" To thee her twilight song, the Nightingale
" Holds the lone Traveller from his way, or charms
" The listening Poet's ear. Where LOVE shall deign
" To fix his seat, there blameless PLEASURE sheds
" Her roseate dews; CONTENT will sojourn there,
" And HAPPINESS behold AFFECTION'S eye
" Gleam with the Mother's smile. Thrice happy he
" Who feels thy holy power! he shall not drag,
" Forlorn and friendless, along Life's long path
" To Age's drear abode; he shall not waste
" The bitter evening of his days unsooth'd;
" But HOPE shall cheer his hours of Solitude,
" And VICE shall vainly strive to wound his breast,
" That bears that talisman; and when he meets
" The eloquent eye of TENDERNESS, and hears
" The bosom-thrilling music of her voice;
" The joy he feels shall purify his Soul,
" And imp it for anticipated Heaven."

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE TENTH.

ARGUMENT.

Transactions of the French at Orleans. Arrivals of Du Chastel and Richemont. The English meet their expected succours. Battle of Patay. The King arrives. The Poem concludes with the Coronation of Charles at Rheims.

JOAN of ARC.

BOOK THE TENTH.

THE morning came, and from the Eastern clouds,
Emerging in his glory, the new Sun
Pour'd on the Virgin's cheek his startling rays.
Serene she rose, her anguish mellowed down
Even to that sober sadness that delights
On other days to dwell. Her issuing forth
The Bastard met.

"Hail MAID OF ORLEANS! hail
"Preserver of the French," the Chief exclaim'd.
"The hostile host are fled; yet not by flight
"Shall England's robber sons escape the arm
"Of Retribution. Even now our troops,
"By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied

" With conquest, clamor to pursue the foe."

The Delegated Damsel thus replied:
" So let them fly Dunois! but other toils
" Than those of battle, these our hallowed troops
" Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain!
" Behoves us there to delve the general grave:
" Then, Chieftain, for pursuit, when we have paid
" The rites of burial to our fellow men,
" And hymn'd our gratitude to that ALL-JUST
" Who gave the conquest. Thou, meantime, dispatch
" Tidings to Chinon: bid the King set forth,
" That crowning him before assembled France,
" In Rheims delivered from the enemy,
" I may accomplish all."
So said the Maid,
Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops
Beheld their coming Chief, and smote their shields,
Clamoring their admiration; for they thought
That she would lead them to the instant war.

She waved her hand, and Silence still'd the host.
Then thus the mission'd Maid, " Fellows in arms!
" We must not speed to joyful victory,
" Whilst our unburied comrades, on yon plain,
" Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day
" To our dead friends!"
Nor did she speak in vain;
For as she spake the thirst of battle dies
In every breast, such awe and love pervade
The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn plain
Speed to their sad employment: some dig deep
The house of Death; some bear the lifeless load;
One little troop search carefully around,
If haply they might find surviving yet
Some wounded wretches. As they labour thus,
They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms;
See distant standards waving on the air,
And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid
To Conrade, and she bade him speed to view
The coming army; or to meet their march

With

With friendly greeting, or if foes they came
With such array of battle as short space
Allowed: the Warrior sped across the plain,
And soon beheld the bannered lillies wave.

Their Chief was Richemont: he, when as he heard
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
His troops assist in burial: they, tho' grieved
At late arrival, and the expected day
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid:
They dig the general grave, and thither bear
English or French alike commingled now!
And heap the mound of Death.
Amid the plain
There was a little eminence, of old
Piled o'er some honored Chieftain's narrow house.
His praise the song had ceas'd to celebrate,
And many an unknown age had the long grass
Waved o'er the nameless mound, tho' barren now
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.

There

There, elevate, the Martial Maiden stood.
Her brow unhelmed, and floating on the wind
Her long dark locks. The silent troops around
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
Such deep attention held them. She began.

" Glory to those who in their country's cause
" Fall in the field of battle! Citizens,
" I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
" Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phrase
" Of pity and compassion, to console
" The friends who loved them. They, indeed, who fall
" Beneath Oppression's banner, merit well
" Our pity; may the GOD OF PEACE AND LOVE
" Be merciful to those blood-guilty men
" Who came to desolate the realm of France,
" To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves,
" Before a tyrant's footstool! Give to these,

" And

" And to their wives and orphan little-ones
" That on their distant father vainly cry
" For bread, give these your pity. Wretched men,
" Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven
" By Need and Hunger to the trade of blood;
" Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
" Most wretched---for before the eternal throne
" They stand, as hireling murderers arraign'd.
" But our dead comrades for their freedom fought;
" No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
" Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
" This holy warfare! them their parents sent,
" And as they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven,
" Bade them go forth, and from the ruffian's sword
" Save their grey hairs: these men their wives sent forth,
" Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands,
" And bade them in the battle think they fought
" For them and for their babes. Thus rous'd to rage
" By every milder feeling, they rush'd forth,
" They fought, they conquer'd. To this high-rear'd mound,

" The

" The men of Orleans shall in after days
" Bring their young boys, and tell them of the deeds
" Our gallant friends atchieved, and bid them learn
" Like them to love their country, and like them
" Should wild Oppression pour again it's tide
" Of desolation, to step forth and stem
" Fearless, the furious torrent. Men of France!
" Mourn not for these our comrades; boldly they
" Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One,
" Who bade the angels harbinger his word
" With " Peace on Earth," rewards them. We survive,
" Honoring their memories to avenge their fall
" On England's ruffian hordes; in vain her chiefs
" Madly will drain her wealth and waste her blood
" To conquer this vast realm! for, easier were it
" To hurl the rooted mountain from it's base,
" Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
" Determin'd to be free: yes---let them rage,
" And drain their country's wealth, and waste her blood,
" And pour their hireling thousands on our coasts,

" Sublime

" Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
" And like the rock amid surrounding waves,
" Repel the rushing ocean---she shall wield
" The thunderbolt of vengeance---she shall blast
" The Despots that assail her."
As she ceas'd,
Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale: there was not one
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend,
Slain in the fight of Freedom; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye
The Patriot's joy flash'd thro'.
And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven
They chaunted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin loved.
They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd

Proclaim'd approaching herald.

" To the Maid,
Exclaim'd the Messenger, " and thee, Dunois,
" Son of the Chief he loved! Du Chastel sends
" Greeting. The aged warrior has not spared
" All active efforts to partake your toil,
" And serve his country; and tho' late arrived,
" He share not in the fame your arms acquire;
" His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
" And France preserved thus early. He were here
" To join your host, and follow on their flight,
" But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord
" Thus says my Master: We, tho' each to each
" Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
" Of this our common country. Do thou join
" The conquering troops, and prosecute success;
" I will the while assault what guarded towns
" Bedford yet holds in Orleannois: one day,
" Perhaps the Constable of France may learn
" He wrong'd Du Chastel."

As the Herald spake,
The crimson current rush'd to Richemont's cheek.
" Tell to thy Master," eager he replied,
" I am the foe of those Court Parasites
" Who poison the King's ear. Him who shall serve
" Our country in the field, I hold my friend:
" Such may Du Chastel prove."
So said the Chief,
And pausing as the Herald went his way,
Gaz'd on the Virgin. " Maiden! if aright
" I deem, thou dost not with a friendly eye
" Scan my past deeds."
Then o'er the Damsel's cheek
A faint glow spread. " True Chieftain!" she replied,
" Report bespeaks thee haughty, of thy power
" Jealous, and to the shedding human blood
" Revengeful."
" Maid of Orleans!" he exclaim'd,
" Should the Wolf slaughter thy defenceless flock,
" Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
" Destroyed

" Destroyed the fell destroyer ? if thy hand
" Had pierced the Ruffian as he burſt thy door
" Prepar'd for midnight murder, would'st thou feel
" The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul ?
" I slew the Wolves of State, the Murderers
" Of thousands. *JOAN!* when rusted in its sheath,
" The sword of Justice hung, blam'st thou the man
" That lent his weapon for the virtuous deed ?"

Conrade replied. " Nay, Richemont, it were well
" To pierce the ruffian as he burst thy doors ;
" But if he bear the plunder safely thence,
" And thou should'st meet him on the future day ;
" Vengeance must not be thine : there is the Law
" To punish ; and if thy impatient hand,
" Unheard and uncondemn'd, should execute
" Death on that man, Justice will not allow
" The Judge in the Accuser !"
" Thou hast said
" Right wisely, Warrior !" cried the Constable ;

" But

" But there are guilty ones above the law,
" Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound
" Of private guilt; court vermin that buz round,
" And fly-blow the King's ear, and make him waste,
" In this most perilous time, his people's wealth,
" And blood: immers'd one while in crimson sloth,
" Heedless tho' ruin threat the realm they rule;
" And now projecting some mad enterprize,
" To certain slaughter send their wretched troops.
" These are the men that make the King suspect
" His wisest, faithfullest, best Counsellors;
" And for themselves and their dependants, seize
" All places, and all profits; and they wrest
" To their own ends the Statutes of the land,
" Or safely break them: thus, or indolent,
" Or active, ruinous alike to France.
" Wisely thou sayest, Warrior! that the Law
" Should strike the guilty; but the voice of Justice
" Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries;

" Whom

" Whom the Laws cannot reach the Dagger should."

The Maid replied, " I blame thee not, O Chief!
" If, reasoning to thine own conviction thus,
" Thou didst, well-satisfied, destroy these men
" Above the Law: but if a meaner one,
" Self-constituting him the Minister
" Of Justice, to the death of these bad men
" Had wrought the deed, him would the Laws have seized,
" And doom'd a Murderer: thee, thy power preserved!
" And what hast thou exampled? thou hast taught
" All men to execute what deeds of blood
" Their will or passion sentence: right and wrong
" Confounding thus, and making Power, of all,
" Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal,
" Yet Richemont, for thou didst them self-approved,
" I may not blame the agent. Trust me, Chief!
" That when a People sorely are opprest,
" The hour of violence will come too soon,
" And he does wrong who hastens it. He best

" Performs

" Performs the Patriot's and the Good Man's part,
" Who, in the ear of Rage and Faction, breathes
" The healing words of Love."

Thus communed they:
Meantime, all panic struck and terrified,
The English urge their flight; by other thoughts
Possess'd than when, elate with arrogance,
They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France
At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields,
Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,
Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate
Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly; now
Repentant, late, and vainly. They whom fear
Erst made obedient to their conquering march,
At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills
Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,
Marking their path with ruin, day by day
Leaving the weak and wounded, destitute
To the foe's mercy; thinking of their home,
Tho' to that far-off prospect scarcely Hope

Could

Could raise her sickly eye. Oh then what joy
Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
They mark'd their coming succours! in each heart
Doubt rais'd a busy tumult; soon they knew
The friendly standard, and a general shout
Burst from the joyful ranks; yet came no joy
To Talbot: he, with dark and downward brow,
Mus'd sternly, till at length arous'd to hope
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior son,
He brake a sullen smile.

"Son of my age!
"Welcome young Talbot to thy first of fields.
"Thy father bids thee welcome, tho' disgraced,
"Baffled, and flying from a Woman's arm!
"Yes, by my former glories, from a Woman!
"The scourge of France! the conqueror of Men!
"Flying before a Woman! Son of Talbot,

"Had

Line 265. "She sternly shook her dewy locks, and brake
"A melancholy smile." QUARLES.

" Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,
" Thou hadst seen me high in honor, and thy name
" Alone had scattered armies; yet, my Child,
" I bid thee welcome! rest we here our flight,
" And lift again the sword."
So spake the Chief;
And well he counsell'd: for not yet the sun
Had reach'd Meridian height, when, o'er the plain
Of PATAY they beheld the troops of France
Speed in pursuit. Collected in himself
Appear'd the might of Talbot. Thro' the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they loved,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck
Faintly their shields; for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the Mission'd Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance; and the tale they told

Rous'd such a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged Chief
Beheld their drooping valor: his stern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts:
Still he was firm, tho' all might fly, resolved
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,
And period Life with Glory. Yet some hope
Inspir'd the Veteran, as across the plain
Casting his eye, he mark'd the embattled strength
Of thousands; Archers of unequall'd skill,
Brigans, and Pikemen, from whose lifted points
A fearful radiance flash'd, and young Esquires,
And high-born Warriors, bright in blazon'd arms.
Nor few, nor fameless were the English Chiefs:
In many a field victorious, he was there,
The garter'd Fastolffe; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
The haughty Chieftain tower'd; blest had he fallen,
Ere yet a Courtly Minion he was mark'd

By public hatred, and the murderer's name !
There too the Son of Talbot, young in arms,
Moved eager he, at many a tournament,
With matchless force, had pointed his strong lance,
O'er all opponents, victor: confident
In strength, and jealous of his future fame,
His heart beat high for battle. Such array
Of marshall'd numbers fought not on the field
Of Crecy, nor at Poictiers; nor such force
Led Henry to the fight of Azincour,
When thousands fell before him.
Onward move
The host of France: and now their venturous Knights
Dismount; their safety, and their country's weal,
Trusting to their own strength. The MAID alone,
Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
The war. They moved to battle with such sound
As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,
When from his seat, on the utmost verge of Heaven
That overhangs the Void, Father of Winds !
HRÆSVELGER

HRÆSVELGER starting, rears his giant bulk,
And from his Eagle pinions shakes the storm.

High on her stately steed the Martial Maid
Rode foremost of the war: her burnish'd arms
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
Runs glittering gayly to the noon-tide sun.
Her foaming courser, of the guiding hand
Impatient, smote the earth, and toss'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
As tho' the Maiden's skill, and his own strength
Proud to display. The light gale with her plumes
Wantoned. Even such a fair and warlike form
Pelides moved from Scyros, where, conceal'd
He lay obedient to his mother's fears
A seemly Virgin; thus the Youth appear'd
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck
Deidameia hung; and with a look
That spake the tumult of her troubled breast,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,

Gazed

Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English Knight, who eager for renown
Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds
He from the troops had heard incredulous,
And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded Girl
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,
Powerless oppos'd to valor. Forth he spurr'd
Before the ranks; she mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
Midway they met; full on her buckler driv'n,
Shiver'd the English spear: her better force
Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat.
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense
Of shame awoke, for rushing multitudes
Soon crush'd the helpless Warrior.
Then the Maid
Rode thro' the thickest battle: fast they fell,

Pierced

Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
Elate, and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance protended from his front,
Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she turns
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the Traveller o'er the trackless sands,
Who marks the dread Simoom across the waste,
Sweep its swift pestilence: to earth he falls,
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the Genius of the Desart breathes
The purple blast of Death.
Such was the sound
As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,
Flies o'er the uptorn ocean: dashing high
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
Of horror, Death was there. They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,

Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace:
Some from their coursers thrown, lie on the earth,
Unwieldy in their arms, that weak to save,
Protracted all the agonies of Death.

But most the English fell, by their own fears
Betrayed, for Fear the evil that it dreads
Increases. Even the Chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquered, trembled now,
Appall'd by her, the Maid miraculous.
Thus the blood-nurtured Monarch of the wood,
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings thro' the midnight sky,
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd,
Mowed down the hostile ranks. The Chieftain stood
Like the strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,

That

That stands unharm'd; and whilst the forest falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft,
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
Him, present danger but magnanimates:
He fought resolved to snatch the shield of Death
And shelter him from Shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, tho' the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like Eaglets to the prey
Beneath their mother's wing. Nor his high birth
Disgraced the Son of Talbot; by his sire
Emulous he strove, like the young Lionet
When first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.
They fought intrepid, tho' amid their ranks
Fear and Confusion triumph'd; for such awe
Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
When self-devoted to the Infernal Gods
The gallant Decius stood before the troops,
Robed in the victim garb of sacrifice,

And spake aloud, and call'd the Shadowy Powers
To give to Rome the conquest, and receive
Their willing prey; then rush'd amid the foe,
And died upon the hecatombs he slew.

But Hope inspir'd the assailants. Xaintrailles there
Spread fear and death; and Orleans' valiant Son
Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm.
O'er all præeminent for hardiest deeds
Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
Hauberk, or plated mail; thro' all it pierced,
Resistless as the forked flash of Heaven.
The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming Chief,
Felt such a chill run thro' his shivering frame,
As the night traveller of the Pyrenees,
Lone and bewildered on his wint'ry way,
When from the mountains round reverberates
The hungry Wolves' deep yell: on every side,
Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,

The famish'd troop come round: the affrighted mule
Snorts loud with terror: on his shuddering limbs
The big sweat starts; convulsive pant his sides;
Then on he rushes, wild in desperate speed.

Him dealing death an English Knight beheld;
And spurr'd his steed to crush him: Conrade leap'd
Lightly aside, and thro' the Warrior's greeves
Fix'd a deep wound: nor longer could the foe,
Tortur'd with anguish, guide his mettled horse,
Or his rude plunge endure; headlong he fell,
And perish'd. In his castle-hall was hung
On high his father's shield, with many a dint
Graced on the blood-drenched plain of Azincour:
His deeds the son had heard; and when a boy,
Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
His little hand would lift the weighty spear
In warlike pastime: he had left behind
An infant offspring, and did fondly deem
He too in age the exploits of his youth

Should tell, and in the Stripling's bosom rouse
The fire of glory.
Conrade the next foe
Smote where the heaving membrane separates
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man,
In his Lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the Wassel, and when the Boar's head,
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with Rosemary,
Smoaked on the Christmas board: he went to war
Following the Lord he loved, and saw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,
Slain on his Master's body.
Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host
Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When, pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,
The Eastern Despot bridged the Hellespont,
The rushing sea against the mighty pile

Roll'd

Roll'd its full weight of waters; far away
The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
Trembled for the Great King.

Still Talbot strove,
Tho' with vain valor, as when Ali rear'd
In the midnight war the warrior-withering cry!
The aged Hero rear'd his two-edged sword,
And ever as he smote a foe, exclaim'd,
"God is victorious!" in the battle's clang
Four hundred times from Ali's powerful voice
That sound of Death was heard: but vainly strove
The blameless Chieftain, by the Assassin's hand
Destin'd to end a life of frustrate hopes.

Young Talbot mark'd the Maid across the plain,
Careering fierce in conquest. Her to meet
He spurr'd his horse, by one decisive deed
Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
With glory. Each beneath the other's blow

Bow'd

Bow'd down; their lances shiver'd with the shock;
To earth their coursers fell: at once they rose,
At once unsheath'd their falchions, and rush'd on
To closer combat. But in vain the Youth
Essay'd to pierce those arms that even the power
Of Time was weak to injure: she the while
Thro' many a wound beheld her foeman's blood
Ooze fast. "Yet save thee Warrior!" cried the Maid,
"Me canst thou not destroy: be timely wise,
"And live!" He answered not, but lifting high
His weapon, drove with fierce and forceful arm
Full on the Virgin's helm: fire from her eyes
Flash'd with the stroke: one step she back recoil'd,
Then in his breast plunged deep the sword of Death.

Him falling Talbot saw. On the next foe,
With rage and anguish wild, the Warrior turn'd;
His ill-directed weapon to the earth
Drove down the unwounded Frank: he lifts the sword
And thro' his all-in-vain imploring hands

Cleaves

Cleaves the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
The sword of Talbot, clogg'd with hostile gore,
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
Had slain, the Chieftain stood and sway'd around
His furious strokes: nor ceas'd he from the fight,
Tho' now discomfited the English troops
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless;
And mingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled
False to his former fame; for he beheld
The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear
Ran thro' his frame, as thrills the African
When, grateful solace in the sultry hour,
He rises on the buoyant billow's breast
If then his eye behold the monster Shark
Gape eager to devour.

But Talbot now
A moment paus'd, for bending thitherwards
He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask

His

Line 518. This inscription was upon the sword of Talbot.—" Sum Talboti pro vincere " inimicos suos."

His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
The onward foeman moved, and bore on high
A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
Known by the English Chieftain. Over heaps
Of slaughter'd, strode the Frank, and bade the troops
Retire from the bold Earl: then Conrade spake.
" Vain is thy valor Talbot! look around,
" See where thy squadrons fly! but thou shalt lose
" No glory, by their cowardice subdued,
" Performing well thyself the soldier's part."

" And let them fly!" the indignant Earl exclaim'd,
" And let them fly! but bear thou witness, Chief!
" That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
" But Frenchman! Talbot will not tamely fall,
" Or unrevenged."
So saying, for the war
He stood prepar'd: nor now with heedless rage
The Champions fought, for either knew full well
His foemen's prowess: now they aim the blow

Insidious,

Insidious, with quick change then drive the steel
Fierce on the side expos'd. The unfaithful arms
Yield to the strong-driven edge; the blood streams down
Their batter'd mails. With swift eye Conrade mark'd
The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
His battle-axe; that instant on his helm
The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
Shiver'd. "Yet yield thee Englishman!" exclaim'd
The generous Frank---"vain is this bloody strife:
"Me shouldst thou conquer, little would my death
"Avail thee, weak and wounded!"
"Long enough
"Talbot has lived," replied the sullen Chief:
"His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive
"To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake,
He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And rush'd again to battle.
Now more fierce
The conflict raged, for careless of himself,
And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still

Was

Was Conrade. Wheresoe'er his foeman aim'd
His barbed javelin, there he swung around
The guardian shield: now pierced with many a stroke,
The Earl's emblazon'd buckler to the earth
Fell sever'd: from his riven arms the blood
Stream'd fast; and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
Drove unresisted thro the shieldless mail.
Backward the Frank recoil'd. "Urge not to death
"This fruitless contest," cried he; "live, oh Chief!
"Are there not those in England who would feel
"Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance
"Who trembles for thy safety, or a child
"Needing a Father's care!"
Then Talbot's heart
Smote him. "Warrior! he cried, "if thou dost think
"That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,
"And save thyself: I loath this useless talk."

So saying, he address'd him to the fight,
Impatient of existence; from their arms
Flash'd

Flash'd fire, and quick they panted; but not long
Endured the deadly combat. With full force
Down thro' his shoulder even to the chest,
Conrade impell'd the ponderous battle-axe;
And at that inſtant underneath his shield
Received the hostile spear. Prone fell the Earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boaſt his fall.
Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow
Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe
He lay, the Herald of the English Earl
With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
His master's arms, "Alas! and is it you,
"My Lord?" he cried. "God pardon you your sins!
"I have been forty years your officer,
"And time it is I should surrender now

" The ensigns of my office!" So he said,
And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
Threw o'er the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd coat.

Then Conrade thus bespake him: " Englishman,
" Do for a dying soldier one kind act!
" Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste
" Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompence
" It pleases thee to ask."
The herald soon,
Meeting the mission'd Virgin, told his tale.
Trembling she hasten'd on, and when she knew
The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could JOAN
Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,
And press it to her heart.
" I sent for thee,
" My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried,
" That I might comfort this my dying hour
" With one good deed. A fair domain is mine;
" Let Francis and his Isabel possess

" That

" That, mine inheritance." He paus'd awhile,
Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,
And pale as him he mourn'd for, Francis came,
And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,
Even with a brother's sorrow: he pursued,
" This *JOAN* will be thy care. I have at home
" An aged mother---Francis, do thou soothe
" Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus:
" Sweet to the wretched is the Tomb's repose!"

So saying Conrade drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan.
By this the Scouts,
Forerunning the King's march, upon the plain
Of PATAY had arrived, of late so gay
With marshall'd thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamer glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of murder: now defiled
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,

And

And mangled bodies. Soon the Monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Uprear'd in conquest now, the Chieftains flock
Proffering their eager service. To his arms,
Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
Compell'd, the embattled towns submit and own
Their rightful King. Baugenci strives in vain:
Jenville and Mehun yield; from Sully's wall
Hurl'd is the banner'd Lion: on they pass.
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the Mission'd Maiden's rumour'd deeds
Inspirited, the Citizens of Rheims
Feel their own strength; against the English troops
With patriot valor, irresistible,
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege Lord
Present the city keys.

The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves

The long procession, thro' the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The Courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endur'd
The siege right bravely: D'Orval, and La Hire,
The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that Freedom still shall love;
Alencon, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear-beloved brother. He was there,
Regnier of Sicily, the Sire of her,
That great unfortunate, whose various woes
St. Alban's knew, and Hexham's fatal field,
And the dark forest, where the Robber met
The midnight Wanderer and her child, and vow'd,
Aw'd by the Majesty of Fortitude,
His sword to serve them. By the Monarch's side
The Delegated Damsel pass'd along
Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,

And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand
Pour'd on the Monarch's head the mystic oil,
Wafted of yore by milk-white Dove from Heaven,
(So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood
At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warrior's blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni prest,
And rear'd the shout of triumph; in that hour
Clovis invok'd aloud the Christian God,
And conquer'd: wak'd to wonder thus, the Chief
Became Love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her husband to the font.
The Mission'd Maid
Then placed on Charles's brow the Crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the King
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witness'd: then at once,
As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds,

Lifted

Lifted their mingled clamors. Now the Maid
Stood as prepar'd to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed.
" King of France!"
She cried---" At Chinon, when my gifted eye
" Knew thee disguis'd, what inwardly the Spirit
" Prompted, I spake---arm'd with the sword of God
" To drive from Orleans far the English Wolves,
" And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
" All is accomplish'd. I have here this day
" Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee
" Chief Servant of the People. Of this charge,
" Or well perform'd or wickedly, High Heaven
" Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
" I know no limit to the happiness
" Thou mayest create. I do beseech thee King!"
(The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground
And clasp'd his knees) " I do beseech thee King!
" By all the millions that depend on thee,
" For weal or woe---consider what thou art,

" And

" And know thy duty! if thou dost oppress
" Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself
" Thou tear'st them from their homes, and send'st them forth
" To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
" If when the Widow and the Orphan groan
" In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
" To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
" If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
" Thou sayest, " I am a King! and fit it is
" That these should perish for me." If thy realm
" Should, thro' the counsels of thy government,
" Be filled with woe, and in thy streets be heard
" The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
" Of asking Hunger; if at such a time
" Thou dost behold thy plenty-covered board,
" And shroud thee in thy robes of Royalty,
" And say that all is well---Oh gracious God!
" Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
" When the Spirits of the murdered innocent
" Cry at thy throne for justice!

" King

" King of France!
" Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
" And be the Orphan's father! thus shalt thou
" Become the Representative of Heaven,
" And Gratitude and Love establish thus
" Thy reign. Believe me, King! that hireling guards,
" Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, would be weak to save
" A tyrant on the blood-cemented Throne
" That totters underneath him."
Thus the Maid
Redeem'd her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST
Give to the arms of FREEDOM such success.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 20. Line 264. this line not in *italics*.
30. Note. for line 445 read 439.
70. Line 530. her noblest warriors :
92. — 48. for aveng'd—avenged.
98. — 136. for Nabonne—Narbonne.
98. — 140. for Rambolillet—Rambouillet.
102. — 198. for Far—read Far, far.
168. — 194. for——on the field ;
Verneuil to France so fatal,
read——on the field
Verneuil, to France so fatal:
182. — 452. for—each man conceals,
read—the husband hides.
183. in the first line place a comma, instead of a full stop.
183. — 467. at the end of the line place a comma, instead of a full stop.
208. — 303. for fight, read storm.
265. — 122. for awakeing—awakening.
266. — 125. for now the approaching hour
read, now, that the happy hour,
282. — 408. for giant's—giants.
289. — 546. for batteting—battering.
290. — 561. for a semicolon, place a comma.
305. — 838. erase the word Warrior.
339. — 477. for deaming—deeming.
342. — 544. for Rhadycine—Rhedycina.
343. — 564. for stain—sting.
344. — 569. for a full stop, place a comma.
359. — 861. for Moloch Gods—read Moloch Idols.